

THE CITIZEN.

"Europe, not England, is the Mother Country of America."

VOL. XIV. NO. 46.

CHICAGO, SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.—FOURTEENTH YEAR.

PRICE FIVE CENTS.

A.O.H. GOSSIP.

Imposing Parade of Divisions 19 and 35 in Proceeding to Holy Communion at the Church of the Nativity—Sermon by Father Cartan.

Progress of the Order in New England—Some Remarks Touching Military Companies and Other Subjects of Interest.

Sunday, Nov. 10, was made very interesting in the parish of the Holy Nativity through the parade of Divisions 19 and 35 approaching holy communion in a body. Headed by Presidents Thomas and Holden, nearly two hundred members, wearing their regalia, marched from their hall to the church, where they were seated in an aisle specially reserved for them. Nearly every inhabitant of the locality lined the sidewalks and admired the excellent appearance of the brothers. During service the esteemed and popular pastor, Rev. Father Cartan, delivered an address in which he told of his acquaintance with the Ancient Order of Hibernians, his knowledge of their work, their merits and their promising future. He dwelt particularly on the value of such an organization to the young Irish-Americans of Catholic faith, who were growing up in the community around him, and earnestly exhorted all eligible youths in his parish to avail themselves of the benefits and the associations by enrolling themselves among the Hibernians. The good clergyman's kindly words cannot fail to be of value to the Order and will certainly result in increase of membership.

No. 19 is like other progressive divisions, officered by plain men, who are earnest and active in the work of the A. O. H. New proof of these brothers' interest in the Order, not in themselves, has come to my notice in the information that they have a company of Knights ready to be mustered in. Some thirty-eight have already placed their names on the list and twelve others have signified their intentions to add theirs at the next meeting. The new company will meet a week hence, and elect officers. The thanks of the Order are due to those men of No. 19, who, with quiet unostentatious zeal, labor to raise their division to the proud position it now occupies as the worthy one of having the largest membership in good standing in Cook county. Well done Brother Thomas. I tender you the thanks of the men of the A. O. H. of Illinois and the nation.

State President J. T. Keating called on Div. 35 on Wednesday evening to find all working in happy harmony. President Holden and his brother officers are determined to overtake Div. 19 if at all possible. I trust they will, but fear a stern chase will be a long one. You see there is no back door in Div. 19, and anyone joining is sure to stay, hence, with average increase of membership, Div. 19 will keep well ahead. However, Brother Holden has much ability as an organizer and will be certain to invent some way of attracting new members to the fold.

Div. 20 had the latch-string out on Thursday, Nov. 7, and about one hundred visitors were within their gates. President J. J. Lamb was surprised at the good work of his members. The material of the rank and file of Div. 20 is such as can effect efficient work for the Order. The spokesman of the evening was the veteran Martin Mulcahy, who among other matters urged the brotherhood to support THE CITIZEN. Brother Mulcahy's ideas were heartily applauded and warmly endorsed by succeeding speakers. I would suggest to the South Side brothers more frequent visits to Div. 20.

The County Board meeting last Sunday was very well attended, and business, as usual, was pushed with dispatch. The report of the entertainment committee was duly received, and tickets for Dec. 31 were distributed. The chief feature of the session was a discussion arising from the reading of the State officers' circular calling for the per capita tax and asking attention to the approaching convention of May, 1896. The chief points under debate were the large number of propositions, the small number of initiations, and the slow growth of the Order in Cook county. While the discussion was but a general one, and though no special action was taken on the same, it is thought that it would have a good result in awakening the somewhat dormant sensibilities of the members and striving to put more energy in the coming year.

I am in receipt of the Emerald, of Manchester, N. H., and find much pleasure in its neat pages. In the A. O. H. notes of the Emerald I find news which dries up my ink bottle and blunts my pen. I read the horrifying news that our village of Chicago is again left in the shade by the metropolis of the Bonemsworth, which boasts of 6,000 inhabitants. The audacity of these New Englanders in erecting an A.O.H. hall, and becoming proprietors of a building of their own when we are only twenty years intending to do so. We ought to hold an indignation meeting. However, let us make up our minds to impress on our successors that it is their duty to use every effort to rival the brothers of

New Hampshire, and erect a spacious hall not later than A. D. 2000. I congratulate the Manchester brothers on their energy and enterprise. I am much gratified to know that one division, with only eighty members, can accomplish so much in eight years from date of organization.

I notice in the correspondence of the Hibernian Record, of Connecticut, that the A.O.H. of Bridgeport are pushing the organization of the Rifles. It would be well for the leading military spirits to correspond with each other, or, better still, meet, say one representative from each county in each State, and frame some laws to be embodied in the constitution which would control the young soldiers and compel obedience and responsibility to one central authority. Better than any would be a military convention of all Irish military organizations in the States, and the framing of some laws to guide all. It does not matter what name they may adopt as individual companies or regiments. What amounts of arms, clothing, etc., are now being wasted in many towns and cities would be cared for and preserved. The rule in Irish military organization seems to be the "rule of thumb," the "Jack is as good as his master" style of doing business, and it is time something was done to change a system which deters men of practical ideas from enlisting their services in such. Two parades a year, preceded by desperate efforts to burnish neglected arms and accoutrements, or frenzied attempts to make a cross-belt cover a moth-hole, is about the amount of military training that some rifle companies get. Centralized authority of one officer, or board of officers, national in character, would change this, and better discipline would prevail.

Why cannot the rank and file agitate the matter and bring about a change of heart in officers who probably will not bother themselves about anything until they think they are likely to be shoved aside. Of one thing the rank and file may be certain, until they agitate the matter themselves the officers will do nothing. The manner in which officers hedge themselves around with creatures of their own, prevents them from hearing anything of the wishes of the rank and file, and if they do hear anything they are told the murmur comes from "kickers." The captain will have on one side a fairly good officer, who would make a good captain, on the other a sycophantic good-for-nothing substitute for a soldier, whose chief business will be the pouring of poison in his officer's ear about the men under his command, or his acquaintances in civil life, and the captain will believe himself the centre of a conspiracy to get his place. From this position of the captain will come a disposition to do nothing, nor allow anyone else to do anything. Then follow poor drill meetings, poor interest, poor everything, until rapidly going down hill a few friends have to do the requisite helping out. This would all be done away with were there an officer over all, who would take the curriculum by the ear and apply the boot to the mischiefmaker. Let us hope the re-awakening of the military spirit among our people will manifest itself in something more practical than semi-annual parades or exhibitions of poorly drilled amateurs. Let us have a national military board, with all the proper subordinate officers, and try if we cannot make order out of chaos. The experiment is worth trying, and, in fact, necessary, because if the general system at present in vogue is permitted to continue, every self-respecting young man anxious to learn the use of arms will select the State militia and leave the independent companies to the officers, the mischiefmaker and their friends.

Every member of the entertainment committee should remember that the next meeting will be held today (Nov. 16) at McCoy's Hotel. Punctual and early attendance and earnest work are essential to success.

I welcome the Hibernian Monthly as a very handsome venture on the journalistic sea, and wish it all prosperity. It is a volume worthy of perusal and should receive a large support. En.

ST. VINCENT'S GOLDEN JUBILEE.

The golden jubilee of the consecration of St. Vincent's church, of St. Louis, was celebrated in that city last Sunday with the solemn grandeur which attends the observance of every festive event in the Roman Catholic church. Within the sanctuary rails were three archbishops—Archbishop Kane, by whom pontifical high mass was celebrated; Archbishop Ireland, of St. Paul, and Archbishop Ryan, of Philadelphia. In addition to these there were present Bishop Ryan, of Buffalo; Mgr. James Nugent, of Liverpool, and representatives of the clergy of every parish in that city.

The jubilee sermon was preached by Archbishop Ryan, who alluded in his opening remarks to the absence of Archbishop Kenrick, whom he described as the best friend of his life. Incidentally he referred to the movement looking toward Christian unity, saying:

The union to be perfect should be both dogmatic and moral. For the former we can scarcely hope a near consummation, but for the latter a great moral union, which should help toward a perfect dogmatic union, is the end we might and should hope and work for. It can be shown in the lives of men like St. Vincent de Paul, in the lives and sacrifices of his daughters, the Sisters of Charity, and in the innumerable institutions which the church has founded and fostered that these principles have been acted out with the self-sacrificing spirit which only the certainty of the Roman Catholic faith produces, we establish an argument at once convincing of her divine mission. Humanity, poor and weak, and unable to enter the temple of God, rests at the gate of the church. It is the mission of the church to bless it, to give it supernatural strength and bring it in through the

gate of Roman Catholic charity to the true temple of the Most High.

The mass was followed by a banquet, at which Archbishop Ireland, Archbishop Ryan, Archbishop Kane, Bishop Ryan and others spoke to various toasts. The archbishops were then received by the school-children of the parish, on whom they bestowed their benediction.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

THE CHOICE OF THE IRISH BRIGADE

BY W. J. PURCELL.

Fast by the old Black Battery they are mustering at the gate
For the morrow ushers in a day that's dark with Ireland's fate
For Stadtholder or Grande Monarch, for England or for France,
The day is dawning that declares for whom they'll bear a lance
And many a head is drooping by the lordly Shannon's flow
And many a heart is aching that ne'er quailed before the foe
A curse upon the traitor that will cross to Ginkel's side
When exile is the choice of Ireland's chivalry and pride

'Neath Fleur-de-lis, with White Cockade, in Louis' sunny land
The years will bring dire vengeance to this gallant Irish band,
The memories of Limerick, of Aghrim and the Boyne,
Will serve to spur them to redress in the fair land of the vine,
And soon in proud review they'll pass by Dutch and English ranks
With martial tread to mark their choice upon the Shannon's banks:
On many a distant, fertile plain they'll live to smite the foe

That robbed them of a nation's rights by Shannon's noble flow.
The night has passed and day has dawned on that momentous scene,
The rival armies are drawn up upon a meadow green,
In sympathy with Ireland's ills the day is dark and drear,
And lowering clouds with chill bleak winds pay tribute with a tear,
The English general, Ginkel, has marked a trying spot
Where those who may tarry who would cast with Ireland's foes their lot,
While French and Irish officers look on with pleasing glance
As thousands pass with ringing shout for Ireland and for France!

Already on that warlike group there dawns a parting scene
Of smiling plains and valleys rich with emerald's bright green;
No more by Munster's valleys or by Leinster's beauteous streams
Shall they wander where they cherished oftentimes boyhood's happy dreams,
France with its vine-clad vales replaces scenes surpassing fair,
And naught can soothe those Irish breasts when fades the hills of Clare,
By the Loire and by the Danube they'll bravely fight for France—
Full many a Saxon foe will fall beneath an Irish lance.

A week has sped, the southern march of Irish troops is o'er,
The fleet equipped and ready is ranged along the shore—
The bitter cry of parting, the agonizing wail
Of mothers, wives and daughters, is borne along the gale:
That shriek denotes that Ireland lies prone beneath the foe—
The fitting herald of centuries of unutterable woe—
While faint and fainter grows the vision, more distant comes the glance
Of the troops who're bound for vengeance 'mid the vine-clad hills of France.

DIVISION 35, A.O.H.

Division 35 will give a grand reception and ball on the evening of Dec. 7, for the purpose of raising funds with which to purchase a new stand of colors similar to those of which Division 19 is so proud. All the Hibernians of Cook county are cordially invited. The affair is under the management of Messrs. Gorman, Gannon, Hebr, Kavanaugh and others, who may be depended upon to make it a success.

"The Niagara Falls Route."

The Commissioner of Railroads of the State of Michigan gave, in his annual report for 1893, the following valuable and voluntary expert testimony to the character of the Michigan Central, "The Niagara Falls Route," from Chicago to New York, Boston and the East, after a careful inspection of the system:

"Nothing can be added in the way of favorable comment on this excellent line. The main line is as near perfection in the way of construction, appointments, service and able management as can be conceived in modern railroading. No skill or expenditure has been spared to make it the model railroad of the country. Improvements are constantly being added in the way of heavier and substantial construction, interlocking appliances, etc. The general appearance of the property, the symmetry of the grade, cleanliness of the right of way, station buildings with ornamental and well-kept grounds and perfect fences, attract special attention."

WINNING IRELAND BACK.

Splendid Lecture of Dr. Douglas Hyde on the De-Anglicization of His Native Country Before a Representative Dublin Audience.

Importance of the Revival of the Gaelic Tongue if Ireland is to be an Independent Nation.

On Wednesday week, under the auspices of the Cork Gaelic League, a lecture was delivered by Dr. Douglas Hyde on "The De-Anglicization of Ireland." The mayor, Mr. P. H. Meade, as president of the League, presided. Among those present were: Very Rev. D. McCarthy, Ballincollig; Very Rev. Father Bernard, O.S.F.C.; Father Anthony, O.S.F.C.; Rev. Father O'Kane, Rev. T.A. Quinn, Rev. R. O'Sullivan, Rev. T. Murray, Rev. Father O'Grady, Messrs. Maurice Healy, M.P., J. Murphy, M.P., Buckley, J.P., Stephen Perry, J.P., R. A. Powell, B.L., Coroner Murphy, O. J. Bergin, B.A., C. O'Kelly, C. Cremin, W. Phair, R. J. Murphy, W. Healy, D. Daunt, P. J. O'Connor, B.A., J. Birmingham, P. Casey, John Sisk, Michael Nagle, M. Lehanne, Denis Donovan, M. J. Lavallin, W. Neville, T. Kiely, J. O'Callaghan, W. Desmond, T. Holland, James Archer and others.

Dr. Hyde, in the course of his lecture, said that if we took a bird's-eye view of our island today, and compared it with what it used to be, we must be struck by the extraordinary fact that the nation, which was once one of the most classical, learned and cultured of the nations of Europe, was now one of the least so. He should endeavor to show that this feature of the Irish people in recent times had been largely brought about by the race diverging during this century from the right path, and ceasing to be Irish without becoming English, that this change took place more recently than most people imagined, and was, in fact, still going on, and he should point out the illogical position of men who drop their own language to speak English, of men who translate their euphonious Irish mainly into English monosyllables, and men who write English books and know nothing about Gaelic literature. He wished to show that in Anglicizing themselves they had thrown away, with a light heart, the best claim—the only true claim—which they had upon the world's recognition of them as a separate nationality.

Whether they regretted it or not, the fact remained that the very people who adopt English habits and copy England in every way still continue to talk of their oppressed country and sing "Paddy's Evermore" and "The Green Above the Red" at their social gatherings. The idea of complete anglicization had been making silent inroads upon them for nearly a century. Its inroads had been silent, because had the national race perceived what was being done they would, he thought, never have allowed it, and what they must endeavor to never forget was that the Ireland of today was a descendant of the Ireland of the seventh century—then the school of Europe and the torch of learning. Just when they should be starting to build up anew the Irish race and the Gaelic nation, as within their own recollection Greece had been built up, they found themselves despoiled of the books of nationality; the old books that lasted 1800 years, were destroyed. They should now set to, to make new ones if they could, on other grounds and of other days. The bulk of the Irish race really lived in the closest contact with the traditions of the past and the national life of nearly 1800 years until the beginning of this century. It may be said, roughly speaking, that the ancient Gaelic civilization died with O'Connell, largely by the (lecturer) was afraid, owing to his example and his neglecting to inculcate the necessity of keeping alive the racial customs, language and traditions. With the one notable exception of their scholarly idealist, Smith O'Brien, he had been followed into the present year by almost every leader of the Irish race.

Thomas Davis and his brilliant band of Young Irelanders came at the dividing of the line, and tried to give to Ireland a new literature in English to replace the literature which was just being discarded. It succeeded, and it did not succeed. He might venture to say that up to the beginning of the present century man, woman, or child of the Gaelic race either spoke Irish or understood it, but within the last ninety years they had in an unparalleled frivoltly thrown away themselves for, as Mr. Jubainville says of the influence of Rome upon Gaul, "England has definitely conquered us; she has even imposed upon us her language, that is to say, the form of our thoughts during every instant of our existence." He (Dr. Hyde) had no hesitation in saying that every Irish-speaking Irishman who hates the reproach of West Britonism, should set himself to encourage the efforts which are being made to keep alive their once great national tongue. The losing of it was their greatest blow, and the sorest stroke that the rapid anglicization of Ireland had inflicted upon them. They should arouse some spark of patriotic inspiration among the peasantry who still use the language, and put an end to the shameful state of things which makes young men and

women blush and hang their heads for shame when overheard speaking their own language.

Now there were three classes of men who could put a stop to this shameful state of things—the gentry, the priests, and the Irish members. As to the gentry, the last man on the Galway grand jury who spoke Irish died last year. As to the priests, in the very Irish town of Tuam, where the great Archbishop McHale always preached in Irish, he (Dr. Hyde) was told that no Irish sermon had been delivered there for ten years; and as for the Irish members, had any of them, with, perhaps, three or four exceptions, said a word in season to his constituents? In this case they should rely upon themselves. The people from whom they ought to expect large support and sympathy were silent and actually hostile. In order to keep the Irish language alive nothing less would do than a house to house visitation and exhortation of the people—something on the lines of what James Stephens did when he found the Irish people left like a corpse on the dissecting table. With this there should be some system of giving medals and badges to those who would guarantee them support.

He was not attempting to substitute the Irish language for English where English was spoken, but something should be done to arrest the disgraceful decay of the language that was going on all over the country. Torn asunder as they were with contending factions, it was impossible to find men or money to carry out that simple remedy, although the foreigner distinguished in the study of Gaelic literature thought it vastly more important than whether Mr. John Redmond or Mr. Justin McCarthy led the largest wing in the Irish party for the moment. They could, however, insist, if home rule be carried, that the Irish language, which was treasured by foreign scholars, should be placed on a par at least with Latin or Greek in all examinations held under an Irish government. They should insist that in all baronies where Irish was spoken Irish schools should be established, and petty sessions clerks and magistrates speaking Irish should be appointed. If that was done it would not be impossible to bring about a tone of thought which would make it as disgraceful for an Irishman to be ignorant of his own language as it was at present disgraceful for an educated Jew to be ignorant of Hebrew. The decay in their language was reflected in the decay in their surnames.

For the last sixty years most havoc had been made in the Milesian names. It seemed that people possessed a mania, a madness, anything at all to get rid of the Milesian sounds. The vile habit of translation of names had been going on for some years and no one had raised a word against it. Hundreds of thousands were called any other beastly names in preference to surnames of warriors, saints and poets, and the melancholy part of it was that not one word of remonstrance was raised against this corrupting and cringing either by the Irish public press or Irish public men. With Irish Christian names the case was nearly as bad. He thought the time had now come to make a vigorous protest against this continued system of Britonizing themselves, and the people ought to have a warning addressed to them by their leaders against dropping the Milesian names for hideous names. As long as the state of things he alluded to went on he could not have much hope of their language taking a place among the nations of the earth, because if it did, it would have to proceed on different lines to any other nation that God ever created. Their topographical nomenclature, too, had suffered shamefully to suit Englishmen, but unfortunately the difficulties attendant on their place names were enormous, and the question was too wide to go into there. It would require a great united nation to place their topographical names on some proper basis. Suffice it to say, that many of the best known topographical names had been most monstrously corrupted in order that Englishmen might not have the trouble of pronouncing them rightly. One thing, at least, they could do, and that was to insist on the proper pronunciation of their names.

He hoped and trusted that where it could be done without inconvenience, that an Irish government—if they ever got one—would provide for a restoration of their place names on something like a national basis. Their music, too, had become anglicized to a lamentable extent. Not only had the harp become extinguished, but the Irish pipes were threatened with the same fate. English music-hall songs had replaced the repertoire of the bag-piper, and the pipers themselves were becoming fewer and fewer. Besides that, numbers of Irish men and women who sing and play, know, to their great disgrace, nothing of their native airs. The national games, too, were in danger of extinction, when the brave and patriotic men of the Gaelic Athletic Association took in hands their revival. He confessed that the effect produced in a few years by that lesson filled him with more hope for the future of Ireland than anything else. He considered that the work of the organization in reviving the ancient games of hurling and football had done more for Ireland than all the speeches of all the politicians for the last five years. Continuing, he said they in Ireland should set their face against aping English dress, for in the fostering of a native spirit, they would be forming the best barrier against English influence, and be in the end the surest guarantee of Irish autonomy.

He had given them an historical sketch of the anglicization of Ireland. Now arose the question what could they do to prevent it? Well, he would conjure them not to lose all their social characteristics. Let not extreme adaptability, courtesy, affability, which were such marked characteristics of the Irish Celt, make Englishmen of them out of mere good nature. First, let them christen their children by Irish names; let them not be ashamed, such of them as could, to speak Irish; let them support the movement now set on foot and subscribe to the Gaelic Journal; let them make

themselves acquainted with Irish music, the finest thing except their literature, which the Gael ever produced; let them aid the new Irish library, whose books should be in every home. They should create a strong feeling against West Britonism, because if they gave it the least chance or the smallest quarter it would overwhelm them like a flood, and they would become the Japanese of Western Europe, with the least power of native initiative, and only alive to second-hand imitation. In conclusion he earnestly appealed to everyone, whether Unionists or Nationalists, who wished to see the Irish nation produce its best—and surely whatever their politics were, they all wished that—to set their faces against the constant introduction of English literature, music, games, fashions and ideas—he appealed to everyone to do his best to help to develop the future of the Irish language, even at the risk of encouraging National aspirations, and then the Irish race would become what it was of yore—one of the most original, artistic and charming people of Europe. (Loud applause.)

THE ENGLISH ARMY.

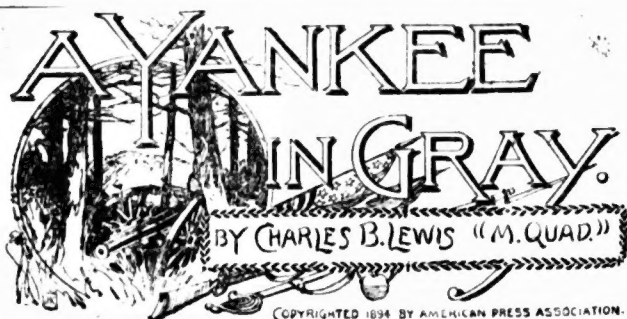
Readers of United Ireland are never over anxious to trouble their heads about the English army. To them, we dare say, its efficiency or otherwise is about as interesting as an inquiry into the truth or otherwise of the disposition of the moon-struck lunary who said that the gentle lamp of light—or, as it is sometimes called, the silver lamp of night—was made of green cheese. Nationalist Irishmen have no *gratia* for the red-coated mercenaries who are the instruments of English oppression in Ireland. But there are many who can never get over the idea that some day Irish soldiers would meet those Saxon satraps in fair fight, and give them another taste of Fontenoy. They may find some interest in the recent knowledge to hand about the English army, which continues to be prodigious in numbers. According, then, to a return issued by the Adjutant-General, the strength of the army is 218,122, excluding the native soldiers in India. The composition is as follows: Household cavalry, 1,315; cavalry of the line, 18,265; royal horse artillery, 3,918; field artillery, 14,417; mountain artillery, 1,433; garrison artillery, 17,440; royal engineers, 7,480; foot guard, 8,974; infantry of the line (including army pay corps), 136,665; colonial corps, 4,073; army service corps, 3,627; ordnance store corps, 858; corps of ammunicions, 316; medical staff corps, 3,321.

Of these there are set down for serving in Ireland 1,746 of the royal artillery; 510 of the royal engineers, and 19,700 of the infantry, excluding officers—a nice tidy contingent for the purpose of keeping us faithful subjects of the crown.

The distribution of the infantry works out as follows: In England and Wales, 1,551 officers, 287 warrant officers, and 44,865 men; in Scotland, 99 officers, 20 warrant officers, and 2,698 men; in Ireland, 473 officers, 91 warrant officers, and 19,790 men—a total of 8,323 officers, 398 warrant officers, and 67,353 men. Serving in the colonies and Egypt were 827 officers, 107 warrant officers, and 28,088 men; in India, 1,469 officers, 103 warrant officers, and 82,373 men. Of all other arms, 2,843 officers, 433 warrant officers, and 72,251 men were in England and Wales; 147 officers, 32 warrant officers, and 8,545 men in Scotland; in Ireland, 918 officers, 115 warrant officers, and 25,445 men—a total at home of 8,908 officers, 600 warrant officers, and 101,241 men. In the colonies and Egypt there were 1,226 officers, 160 warrant officers, and 35,813 men; in India, 2,535 officers, 133 warrant officers, and 73,475 men—a total abroad of 4,771 officers, 283 warrant officers, and 103,318 men.

From an Irishman's point of view these figures do not show any really formidable strength on the side of England. Roughly speaking, it takes half her forces to keep her colonies quiet in times of peace. In times of disturbance it would take another 50,000 to keep down rebellion in her colonies; and if she were at the same time engaged in a war with any great power the force she could distribute in Ireland would be little, if at all, in excess of those she keeps there in times of peace. The marvel of these statistics is, that England can do much, keep her flag waving, here, there and everywhere with such a comparatively small force. In her intrinsic strength she would not hold her own for twenty-four hours if her dependencies arose in simultaneous revolt. If tomorrow she was threatened in Canada by the United States, in India by Russia, in Africa by France or Germany, she would go to pieces in a month, so far at least as her dominion in other countries is concerned. There surely is some force in the doctrine of England's difficulty being Ireland's opportunity. Of course England has, in addition to these forces, her militia; but anything like a strong or universal smell of powder would play havoc with the sensitive nerves of these warriors.—United Ireland.

THERE is more Catarrh in this section of the country than all other diseases put together, and until the last few years was supposed to be incurable. For a great many years doctors pronounced it a local disease, and prescribed local remedies, and by constant purging endeavored to cure with local treatment, and therefore requires a constitutional treatment. Hall's Catarrh Cure, manufactured by F. J. Cheney & Co., Toledo, Ohio, is the only constitutional cure on the market. It is taken internally in doses from 10 drops to a teaspoonful. It acts directly on the blood and mucous surfaces of the system. They offer one hundred dollars for any case it fails to cure. Send for circulars and testimonials. Address, F. J. CHENEY & CO., Toledo, O. Sold by Druggists, 75c.



CHAPTER III.

Night comes, and the streets of the old town grow more quiet. Men have cheered themselves hoarse, and intense excitement has wearied everybody. An even 50 men have signed the roll, and more will come in tomorrow. The recruiting office has been closed by the removal of the table and the departure of the captain. With that officer we have little to do. With the man in citizen's clothes who assisted him we have much. Let me introduce to you as he sits on the veranda of the village inn Duke Wyle, 25 years of age, a bachelor, the only son of ex-Judge Wyle, the nabob of the village and county. The young man has been educated for nothing in particular. He has done nothing in particular since he left college.

"Duke? Oh, Duke's all right," was the reply to any half meant criticism. "The old man's got plenty of money, and Duke is his heir. Good boy, that Duke. Likes to hunt and ride and is a little wild, but he'll steady down after a bit. Don't you worry about Duke!"

And when the news of war came Duke found the excitement his nature craved. When the volunteer company was full, he was to be its first lieutenant. He and Royal Kenton were acquaintances, but not friends. In the beginning they had been attracted toward each other, and there was promise of close intimacy. But no two men can love the same woman and be friends—be anything less than enemies. Both were frequent callers at the old mansion standing at the head of the long street, in which resided the widow and daughter of the late Hon. John Percy, one of Virginia's oldest and wisest senators and statesmen. If Marian favored either one, if she was interested in any one of her numerous callers, no sign of encouragement had been given. Kenton and Wyle were only two out of twenty, and yet it seemed to be generally understood that she would ultimately favor one or the other.

"Hooray! Hooray! We uns will be in Washington in less'n 30 days!"

It was the voice of Steve Brayton shouting as he drew near.

"You there, Steve?" called Wyle as the enthusiastic volunteer was swinging his hat and making ready for another cheer.

"W'at's wanted, lieutenant?"

"Come up here!"

"Doggone my hide, but I want to git down thar and hev a fust so bad that I can't stand still!" growled Steve as he



"Say, Steve, do you know there's a Yankee among us?"

came along down the veranda. "What's up, lieutenant? Hain't dun gone and got word that them ar' Yankees is goin to give up without a fust, hev ye?"

"No. There's no news this evening. Sit down."

"Whoop! I'm powerfully minded to sot out by myself and git thar befo' the fussin is all over!" exclaimed Steve as he hesitated to take the chair pushed at him by the other's foot.

"Sit down! You'll git there soon enough without any extra hurry! Say, Steve, do you know there's a Yankee among us—a regular, full fledged Yankee right here in this town?"

"Lordy, no! Has he un cum down to captur' we uns?"

"He is here as a spy, Steve—as a spy to let 'em know up north what we are doing. You fellers are not very bright, or you'd have got onto him without my telling."

"Shoo! A Yankee spy right yere in this town? Hev yo' seen him with yo' own eyes?"

"I have."

"And yo' kin name him?"

"I can. Do you know Lawyer Wil-Hams?"

"I reckon."

"Do you know the man in the office with him—fellow named Kenton?"

"I do, fur suah. He drawed up some papers fur me awhile ago. Purty nice sort of a feller. I take it."

"Didn't you know he was a Yankee?"

"No!"

"Well, he is. Any one will tell you that he came down here from the north only about a year ago."

"But he cum to go inter bizness."

"Yes, but he's a Yankee, and they are all alike—all down on us about the nigger, and all want to make us eat dirt."

"Shoo! Jest want to walk right over us and tread us into the ground, eh?"

"That's it, and he's one of them. No one knows how many letters he's sent off in the last two weeks. He prob'ly sent one today, and they know in Washington just what we are doing here."

"But what's he doin yere if he's a Yankee spy?" persisted Steve. "Seems like I've heard they hang spies."

"And they'll hang him if he stays long enough! I'm thinking he'll get all the information he can and then sneak for the north and enlist in the Yankee army."

"Shoo! What's yo'r idea, lieutenant?"

"I think somebody ought to wait on him and give him warning to leave the town at once. If he refuses to go, I reckon we can scare up enough tar and feathers to give him a coat."

"Doggone it, lieutenant, but yo' are dead right! Yo'n the captain orter jest walk right up to him this very night!"

"Well, you see," observed Wyle after some hesitation, "the captain and I are very busy waiting for war news, and we have sort o' decided to leave the matter to you boys. You'll find he's a Yankee spy, and you'll probably want to use him rough, and if we were along we'd be obliged to protect him. You'd better get about a dozen of the boys together and give Mr. Yankee a call to-night. Talk right up to him and let him see that you know all about him. Perhaps he's found out all the Lincoln government wants to know and is ready to go north. If he says he'll go, give him half an hour to pack up and walk him down to the train, which goes past at 11 o'clock."

"I see. But s'pose he says he won't go?"

"Tar and feathers, Steve—tar and feathers will make him change his mind!"

"They will, fur shore, and we uns will give him tar and feathers! Yo' ar' sartin he's a Yankee?"

"Of course."

"Means to fight agin us?"

"Of course. You are not going to flunk out, are you?"

"Steve Brayton never did flunk in all his life, and he ain't goin to begin now, but—"

"But what?" impatiently demanded Wyle, who was in a hurry to begin proceedings.

"Seems like we orter hev some sort o' beginnin. He un drawed up them papers fur me and didn't make no charge, and I don't want to jump in on him all of a sudden. Seems like I orter besort'er civil and decent at fust and find out what he un's doin or means to do."

"Steve Brayton, I'll scratch your name off the roll this very night! You ain't got the sand to make a soldier!"

"Shoo! Don't yo' be so frustrated! Hev yo' got that roll with yo'?"

"Yes."

"Good! Hand it over."

"What do you want of it?"

"I've dun got a plan. I'll take that paper along. I'll git Ike Baxter, Bill Taylor, Tom Henderson and six or eight mo', and we'll find that Yankee. When we've found him, I'll be civil and decent and say: 'Folks is a-tellin that yo' un is a Yankee spy, and that yo' un is gwine to skip out fur the north party quick. How does yo' un constandate?'"

"What do you mean by that?" asked Wyle.

"That means how does he un stand. Is he un fur the south or north? If he un's fur the south, let him put his name right down thar to be one of us. If he un's fur the north, we uns will cum back fur tar and feathers."

"Steve, you've hit it—hit it plumb center!" exclaimed Wyle as he rose up to shake hands. "You've got the idea exactly. Put that there paper right at him! If he's for us, he'll sign; if he's agin us, he won't. Get your men together and start out right away."

"We uns will find out all about it in an hour, lieutenant, and doggone my hide if I ain't so chock full of booty that I've got to holler! Hip, hip, hooray! Aim low, boys, and give it to 'em heavy!"

CHAPTER IV.

The average writer of fiction describes every southern man as wearing long, black hair, a wide brimmed hat and a fierce mustache. The southern woman is pictured as tall and stately, with black eyes and raven tresses. Marian Percy was a true child of the south, and yet she had hazel eyes, brown hair and was petite in figure. As she passed the ragged little darkies in the street they looked after her and called:

"Golly me, but dar goes Miss Sunshine again!"

Of sunny disposition, charitable in thought and deed, respected by all, she had dignity without haughtiness, was a queen among girls without arrogance. If every other girl of the south was arguing for and enthusiastically applauding the right of secession and wearing the toy Palmetto flag, Marian was the exception. Not that the momentous events were lightly passed over, but because she was weighing them and pondering deeply. Educated at the north, she had formed strong friendships and found hosts of friends. She had seen the Yankee at home, at his worst and at his best, and she rather liked him. That a general election, such as had been held so often before, should result in turmoil, bloodshed and separation she could not understand. Politicians defended the secession of South Carolina, but she was not wise enough to sirt their sophistry from their constitutional arguments. The talk of a southern confederacy did not appeal to her patriotism. Her pride and patriotism belonged to Virginia first of all. Virginia's weal or woe was her anxiety.

At 8 o'clock on the evening of the day of which we have written the widow Percy and her daughter were eagerly scanning the columns of a Richmond

paper which had arrived half an hour before, when Royal Kenton was announced. He was received in a manner to let him know that his presence was welcome, and conversation turned at once to the all important question. After it had continued for a time Mrs. Percy suddenly observed:

"Mr. Kenton, we were speaking of you this afternoon and were agreed that your position was at least embarrassing."

"Which means," he smilingly replied, "that you have been wondering which side I would take in this contest."

Mother and daughter looked at him with considerable eagerness, but without reply, and he continued:

"No doubt I ought to be ashamed of the fact that I have lived to be 24 years of age and have taken no interest in politics. If all others were clear on this question, I could soon decide it for myself. Here we have some of the ablest men of America contending that no state is bound to the Union by any constitutional law, while others equally wise advise war as a penalty for secession. We have no precedent to guide us. No state was forced into the Union. If the people of any one state believe that separation would be a benefit, how can we deny her right to withdraw? And yet no state has a moral or legal right to imperil the welfare of the general government."

"I cannot speak for the south, but for Virginia only," said the mother. "I know little of politics. I am content to leave the question to the statesmen of our state. I have no bitterness of sectional feeling."

"You are from Rhode Island, Mr. Kenton," observed a daughter.

"Yes."

"But you came here to make your home with us. The state has adopted you, so to speak."

"Yes."

"You have become a voter here. You have no intention of returning to the north?"

"None whatever."

"Then you must stand on the same platform we do. You must stand by your state."

"He has doubtless given the subject serious thought," said the mother in tones meant to gently reprimand the daughter for her eagerness.

"I have indeed," answered Kenton, "and it seems to me that—"

At that moment a colored girl appeared at the door and beckoned to mother and daughter in an excited way and whispered: "De sogers hev cum fur de Yankee, an dey's gwine to do sunthin awful to him! Dey wants he un to cum outdoas right smart!"

"Soldiers? What soldiers?" asked Marian.

"Why, dem soldiers dat's paradin up an down an makin sich a fuss! Dar's ober a hundred of 'em aroun de house!"

"And they want Mr. Kenton?"

"Yes'm—want him right bad. I heard 'em talk 'bout tar and feathers!"

Whispering to her mother to entertain their caller, the girl excused herself and passed down the hall and out at the front door. Just as she opened it Steve Brayton was reaching out to ring the bell. Behind him were a dozen or more men.

"Well, what is wanted?" quietly asked Marian as Steve pulled off his hat and shifted about in a nervous way.

"N-nuthin, ma'am, nuthin 'tall!" he replied as he backed off. "That is, we jest considered that we'd better call and—"

"Did you want to see any one here?"

"Why don't you un tell her?" exclaimed Ike Baxter as he pushed himself forward.

"Waal, ma'am, we uns cum yere to see somebody," continued Steve.

"Yes, we uns cum to see that Yankee!" added Ike.

Tannin.

The extraction of tannin from palmetto leaves has now become a practical industry, and it is claimed that leather tanned with this product can be more economically produced than that which is treated with oak or hemlock bark, while the residue forms a valuable paper stock, which is also utilized. In the process of extraction the leaves and stems are separated, the stems are crushed flat through rollers, while the leaves are finely shredded. This material is then placed in a large wooden tank and covered with water, the mass is brought to the boiling point, but not allowed to boil violently, being kept near but below the boiling point for 48 hours, the liquid being then ready for the tannery. After the tannin has been extracted the palmetto is steamed in a chemical solution, which removes the alicante contained in the palmetto and changes the glossy shield to a gummy mass, which can be removed without injury to the fiber, but in making imitation horsehair this gummy mass is allowed to dry, as it adds to the elasticity of the fiber. There are several combinations in which the production of tannin and fiber is said to be practicable and advantageous, so that tanneries situated in the vicinity of paper mills can grind the palmetto in the same manner as bark, and the residue, after bleaching, is in proper shape for the paper mill.—New York Sun.

A Ten Inch Vermiform Appendix.

The vermiform appendix, or cul de sac, the death trap attached to the large intestines in the human and allied species, and which of late has received much attention, has been believed by some to be an organ just developing. It has even been argued that the babies of three or four centuries hence will all have to be operated on for the purpose of removing that useless appendage. Recent developments, however, in dissecting a gorilla, proved that the animal's appendix vermiformis was 10 inches in length, whereas in the human being it seldom exceeds 3 inches. From this it is argued that the appendix is really breeding out, and that the future man, instead of having that organ developed to the size of a ten pound sugar sack, will really have none at all.—St. Louis Republic.

"Golly me, but dar goes Miss Sunshine again!"

"You mean Mr. Kenton?" queried Marian.

"That's it! They say he's a Yankee spy, and it's our dooty to hev a little talk with him!"

"Who says he's a Yankee spy?"

"Reckon it was Duke Wyle, ma'am, and he orter to know. He's goin to be first lieutenant of our company, yo' know."

"And Mr. Wyle told you that Mr. Kenton was a Yankee spy, did he?" demanded Marian as her eyes flashed and her breath came quickly.

"Yes, ma'am."

"Steve Brayton, yo' un's a fool!" called a voice from the crowd—the voice of some one who knew that Wyle was a caller at the house.

"He dun told me so, and it's left fur us to find out!" continued Steve, who wanted to square himself.

"And you want to question him?" asked Marian.

"As a dooty, ma'am, as a dooty to Virginny. Can't hev no Yankee spy about yere, yo' know. We hain't got

nuthin agin him as a man, but if he un's spyin on us that's different. Will yo' please call him out?"

"No! Three of you can come in and question him!"

Steve Brayton, Ike Baxter and Tom Henderson followed her into the house, while the others crowded up on the veranda to wait for what might happen.

"Mr. Kenton, some callers to see you," said Marian as they entered the parlor, and he rose up, with a puzzled look on his face.

Steve Brayton had broken the ice and recovered from his embarrassment. He did not propose to do any talking. Kenton was either for or against. The quickest way to ascertain was to present the enlistment paper. He took it from his pocket, extended it to the young lawyer and said:

"Mr. Kenton, some folks around yere ar' talkin that yo' un's a Yankee spy. Will yo' put yo'r name down on this paper?"

"I will, and I'll go with your company whenever it is ready to go!" was the prompt answer as he drew a pencil from his pocket and wrote his name, which was the fifty-third on the roll.

Twenty minutes later Steve Brayton and his companions appeared at the hotel, where Duke Wyle was impatiently waiting for news.

"Well, Steve, is it tar and feathers?" he asked as the crowd came up the steps.

"Does that look like tar and feathers?" replied Steve as he handed out the paper and pointed to the name of Royal Kenton.

"What, he volunteered in this company?"

"Exactly."

"Did you threaten him?"

"Not a threat! Reckon we'd better make him second lieutenant, eh?"

But Duke Wyle did not answer. He sat and stared at the name and was dumb with amazement.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

Old Manchester.

About 1690 there were 300 burials in the parish of Manchester in eight years. A century later the population of the town, township and parish of Manchester and Salford had increased to 50,000. The wealth of the district grew with strides which were equally rapid. At the close of the seventeenth century the houses of wood and plaster gave place to more commodious buildings of brick. The manufacturers attended at their warehouses before 6 o'clock in the morning, a breakfast of milk and porridge was provided in huge bowls for all, and masters and apprentices alike dined therein on terms of equality, with coarse wooden spoons. A dancing assembly opened about 1710. Then years later there were but three or four carriages in the town. Sedan chairs were introduced half way through the century, and it was not until 1758 that any one in business presumed to set up his carriage.

At the accession of George III the dinner hour was still fixed at midday. Afternoon visits were paid by the fashionable dames at 2 o'clock, and they met in the old collegiate church at prayers when the hour of 4 was striking. In the evening the gentlemen assembled at a club, where the entertainment was at first limited to fourpence for ale and a single halfpenny for tobacco, reaching at last to the unprecedented extravagance of "a sixpenny worth of punch." This was at the house of John Shaw, who had been a trooper in Queen Anne's forces, and had brought from the Low Countries the art of brewing punch. The hours of gathering began at 6, and at 8 the guests were summarily ordered from the room by the burly landlord, and if his behests did not effect their purpose the floors were flooded with water by the early maidservant.—Temple Bar.

Tannin.

The extraction of tannin from palmetto leaves has now become a practical industry, and it is claimed that leather tanned with this product can be more economically produced than that which is treated with oak or hemlock bark, while the residue forms a valuable paper stock, which is also utilized. In the process of extraction the leaves and stems are separated, the stems are crushed flat through rollers, while the leaves are finely shredded. This material is then placed in a large wooden tank and covered with water, the mass is brought to the boiling point, but not allowed to boil violently, being kept near but below the boiling point for 48 hours, the liquid being then ready for the tannery. After the tannin has been extracted the palmetto is steamed in a chemical solution, which removes the alicante contained in the palmetto and changes the glossy shield to a gummy mass, which can be removed without injury to the fiber, but in making imitation horsehair this gummy mass is allowed to dry, as it adds to the elasticity of the fiber. There are several combinations in which the production of tannin and fiber is said to be practicable and advantageous, so that tanneries situated in the vicinity of paper mills can grind the palmetto in the same manner as bark, and the residue, after bleaching, is in proper shape for the paper mill.—New York Sun.

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 Single Copies 5c

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 Entered at the Post-office, Chicago, for trans-
 mission through the Mail as second-class mat-
 ter.

The publishers will not be responsible for any
 money forwarded through the mail, unless it
 is sent by Express Money Order, Postoffice Order,
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 All communications of a literary nature should
 be addressed to the Editor. All business letters
 should be addressed to The Citizen Newspaper
 Company.

Official Newspaper of the United Irish
 Societies of Chicago and Cook County.

CHICAGO, NOVEMBER 16, 1895.

AMUSEMENTS.

Following are the announcements for the
 principal places of amusement during the com-
 ing week.

HOOVER'S THEATRE.
 Randolph street, between Clark and LaSalle sts.—
 "Little Christopher."

SCHILLER THEATRE.
 Randolph street, between Dearborn and Clark—
 "The Wives."

CHICAGO OPERA HOUSE.
 Southwest corner Clark and Washington sts.—
 Camille D'Arville.

GRAND OPERA HOUSE.
 Clark-st., between Washington and Randolph—
 Roy's "Trip to Chinatown."

MOVIEKERS THEATRE.
 Madison street, between State and Dearborn—
 "The Twentieth Century Girl."

COLUMBIA THEATRE.
 Monroe street, between Dearborn and Clark—
 "Palmer Cox's Brownies."

HAYMARKET THEATRE.
 West Madison-st., between Halsted and Union—
 "Alabama."

ACADEMY OF MUSIC.
 Halsted street, between Madison and Monroe—
 "The Land of the Living."

HAVLINS THEATRE.
 Wabash avenue and Nineteenth street—
 "Miss Harum Scaram."

NATIONAL PANORAMA.
 Wabash avenue and Hubbard court—Battle of
 Gettysburg.

WAR MUSEUM.
 Wabash avenue, between Fourteenth and Six-
 teenth streets—Libby Prison.

"We must tolerate one another, or else tolerate
 the common enemy."—Henry Trollope.

"It is not strength, and it is not steel
 Alone can make the English reel.
 But wisdom working day by day
 Till comes the time for reason's way.
 The patient dunt and powder shock
 Can blast an empire like a rock!"

—Thomas Davis.

**GEN. MILES' DEFENSIVE RECOMMEN-
 DATIONS.**

A dispatch from Washington, D. C.,
 dated the 11th inst., says:

"Nelson A. Miles, major-general com-
 manding the army, in his annual report
 made public today, reiterates the de-
 mands for additional coast defenses and
 asks that the army be allowed to grow
 with the increase in population, with a
 fixed maximum of one soldier for every
 1,000 of the population and a mini-
 mum of one for every 2,000. He calls
 attention to the lack of modern guns
 at all the Pacific coast points except a
 few at San Francisco, recommending
 especially Puget Sound and San Diego.
 On the Atlantic coast a similar lack at
 all ports except one is pointed out. The
 case of Great Britain is cited, where the
 chief reliance must be placed on coast
 defenses rather than on the navy. At-
 tention is called to the historical facts
 that this country has never been free from
 war for periods longer than thirty-five
 years during the last two centuries, and
 that in only one case out of ten in mod-
 ern times has war been declared with
 due formality, unprompted hostilities
 in all other cases having brought it
 on. The impracticability of relying on
 size and wealth is shown in the recent
 Chinese overthrow. It is possible at the
 present time, the General suggests, for
 any first-class power to levy a tribute of
 billions of dollars on the Nation while
 an army of a million men looks on, help-
 less for lack of modern appliances.
 Thorough preparations, offensive and
 defensive, for immediate war are, he
 urges, the best guarantees of lasting
 peace. The successful experiment of
 placing experienced army officers in
 charge of Indian posts is dwelt upon
 with satisfaction. A recommendation
 is made that any soldier who desires to
 withdraw from the service at the end of
 five years may be entitled to an ex-
 amination and a commission as second
 lieutenant to accompany his honorable
 discharge; also that officers with thirty
 years' experience should be entitled to
 retire with a grade one higher than that
 now held."

The CITIZEN is in thorough harmony
 with General Miles' views as regards
 coast defense and the promotion of
 worthy soldiers from the ranks after
 having served creditably for a certain
 number of years, but it does not believe
 the country would ever stand an army
 of 325,000 men, his minimum according to
 the report, in times of peace—nor is it,
 in our opinion, desirable that it should.
 We need a strong navy, a thorough
 method of coast defense, and a regular
 army that at the utmost, in times of
 peace, should not exceed 50,000 men—
 all enlisted for a three years' term. The
 principal increase should be in the
 artillery branch of the service, and these
 men would be, in the heavy batteries
 necessarily trained to act also as in-
 fantry. We have enough of the latter
 force now with the colors, especially

when we take into account the supple-
 mentary army of over 100,000 excellent
 militia—three-fourths of whom, at least,
 would be available in the field, if called
 upon. We can also count upon a large
 available contingent from the various
 military schools throughout the Union.
 Many institutions of learning, without
 distinction of sect, are furnished with
 regular army officers as military instruc-
 tors. In most of our cities the cadet
 system prevails to a creditable extent—
 so that we are fairly well provided with
 material for an excellent army of foot
 soldiers. Canada and Mexico are about
 the only two countries we could occupy
 our land troops against. The former
 will never fight us unless urged to do so
 by Great Britain, which is not a likely
 event; and Mexico has shown during all
 of President Diaz' long administration,
 that she is entirely friendly to the United
 States.

Congress should heed General Miles'
 recommendations in regard to the coast
 defenses and their armament, because
 he has made a study of the whole sys-
 tem on all our seaboard, and has, there-
 fore, a closer knowledge of our con-
 dition than any military man in the
 country.

MANCHESTER MARTYRS' CELEBRATION.

The demonstration in honor of Allen,
 Larkin and O'Brien, to be held at Cen-
 tral Music Hall on Saturday evening,
 Nov. 23, promises to be a splendid suc-
 cess. A fine musical and literary pro-
 gramme will be presented. Hon. M. P.
 Brady will preside and deliver the open-
 ing address. The address of the Irish
 Nationalists, under whose auspices the
 demonstration is to occur, will be read
 by Mr. W. A. Cunneen; and the oration
 will be delivered by the eloquent Clarence
 S. Darrow, the American friend of
 Irish liberty, and of the liberty of man-
 kind. Prof. Purcell will preside at the
 organ, and will render many of the most
 stirring and melodious of the Irish Na-
 tional airs. There will be a vocal solo
 and chorus of the Star Spangled Banner
 led by Miss Nellie M. Ryan. Mr. W. J.
 O'Neill will sing "The Memory of the
 Dead." A talented juvenile elocutionist,
 Miss Mary Ethel Courtenay, will recite
 Charles J. Kickham's famous "Rory of
 the Hill," and there will be other songs
 by Mrs. Thomas Bitters, Miss Louise
 Turgeon, Thomas J. Purcell and Miss
 McCaffrey. Misses Marie F. Bonfield and
 Alice Genevieve Smith will play a fanta-
 sia for two harps, arranged by Thomas
 from Moore's Melodies. Major James
 W. Cole will play a violin obligato,
 "Varie de Herriot." Taken for all and
 all, no finer programme has been ar-
 ranged for an Irish demonstration in
 this city for many a year.

TIM THE TERROR.

The *Weekly Independent*, of Dublin,
 has no love for William O'Brien and
 Justin McCarthy. It takes special de-
 light in holding both gentlemen up to
 public ridicule. Tim Healy, it would
 appear, is the bugaboo of both. The
 Bantury (Bantam?) leader, as he is called,
 is evidently a buzz-saw on wheels, and
 his tongue smites with a force deadlier
 than the sword. Now that "Tim" has
 been expelled from the executive com-
 mittee of the Irish party in England, we
 expect his tongue will smite more vig-
 orously than ever. In reality, leaving out
 the hopelessness of his case, or of any
 case which depends upon "moral force"
 in Ireland, we greatly enjoy "Tim's"
 talent for roasting people. He is the
 best roaster that has appeared in Ire-
 land since O'Connell died. There will
 be no underdone fowl on "Tim's" spit
 after he gets through roasting them. As
 most of the members of the Irish Par-
 liamentary party are much too "rare"
 to be either wholesome or palatable an
 occasional "roast" will do them no
 harm. Here is what the *Weekly In-
 dependent* has to say about William and
 Justin:

"Twelve months ago or thereabouts,
 Mr. William O'Brien was roaring him-
 self hoarse against the house of lords,
 and declaring that until it was abolished
 nothing could be done for Ireland. Now,
 we hear no more about the house of
 lords from Mr. O'Brien. He has dis-
 covered that the arch-enemy of Ireland
 is not that august body, but Mr. Timothy
 Healy. He cannot rest by day nor sleep
 by night, all on account of the leader of
 the Bantury Gang. Time was when Mr.
 Healy was attacking Parnell; but Mr.
 O'Brien had then no hard word for Mr.
 Healy, and could not be induced to say
 a word against him. But that time is
 gone, and now Mr. Healy is held up to
 the Irish people as the greatest danger
 to their hopes, and as an enemy that
 must speedily be put down. Mr. O'Brien
 goes almost to the length of declaring
 that all effort on behalf of Ireland is use-
 less so long as Mr. Healy is allowed to
 persist in his present courses, but the
 most extraordinary proof of his dread
 of the Bantury leader has been given by
 him within the last few days. He was
 requested to attend a meeting of the
 tenants of the Buckley estate, with
 whom, in their fight against rackrents,
 he had co-operated in the old days; and
 will it be believed that he declined to go
 to the help of the tenants because he was
 afraid he would bring down Mr. Healy's
 tongue on him? It is one of the most
 pitiable exhibitions which he has yet
 made of himself. The *Kilkenny Journal*,
 which is a supporter of the Bantury leader,
 goes for Mr. Justin McCarthy in its issue
 of Wednesday last. It bluntly tells its
 readers that he has no policy, but he
 simply contents himself with being in-
 terviewed by English newspapers and

delivering speeches to English and
 audiences, and admitting that he had lived
 most of his time outside Ireland, and by
 showing by every act of his that he is
 out of touch with the Irish people." Poor
 old Justin! Soon there will be
 none so poor as to do him reverence. It
 looks already as if his one-time follow-
 ers were coming round to Parnell's
 opinion of him that he is "a nice old
 gentleman for a small tea party."

PATRICK EGAN ROASTS BIGOT
CHOATE.

A vicious clown, by the name of Joseph
 H. Choate, who practices law in New
 York, has been making himself con-
 spicuous as an abuser of the Irish-
 American people for several years. He
 is a brutal cur, without any sense of
 common decency. Some handsome Irish
 girl must have jilted the fellow in his
 youth—happily for her—he feels so bitter
 against the race. He is that type of
 "native American" whose bile finds no
 outlet through nature's channels, but
 constantly manifests itself, fitfully, by
 oral exhalation, in the atmosphere that
 immediately surrounds him. If Choate
 were to live in Chicago, his disgusting
 moral eruptions would be mistaken for
 the emanations of a glue factory, when
 the air is heavy and the south
 wind blows.

Among the chivalric Irish-Americans
 whose anger has been aroused by the
 ruffianly sneers of the Gotham stinkpot
 is Mr. Patrick Egan, ex-United States
 Minister to Chili, who wrote a spirited
 letter to Editor Lauterbach, who was
 running the recent Republican cam-
 paign—a most disastrous one—in New
 York City, protesting against Choate's
 chronic blackguardism. We excerpt the
 following from the New York *Morning
 Journal* of the 8th inst.:

"Mr. Egan in the letter referred to
 says to Mr. Lauterbach:

"Mr. Choate took occasion to again
 fling insults and sneers at Ireland and
 Irish-Americans, in a manner which I
 cannot permit to pass unchallenged."

"Speaking of Tammany, he is reported
 to have said: 'Well, now, it is the
 same Tammany, isn't it?' We got used
 to it a little under the old order of
 things, prior to last November. We
 weren't exactly reconciled to it, but its
 great leaders we knew. We knew their
 faces, we knew their names, we knew
 their diamonds, we knew their horses
 and we recognized their brogue and the
 dear little island from which they came
 —so dear to them, so very dear to us."

"If this were a more isolated instance
 of Mr. Choate's venom against Irish-
 Americans I would deem it unworthy of
 serious notice, but from the fact that
 not very long ago he very flagrantly vio-
 lated all rules of courtesy and of decency
 when, as a guest at an Irish-American
 banquet, he openly insulted the nation-
 ality of his hosts, and that on a still
 more recent occasion he insulted the en-
 tire foreign-born element of this city—
 your race as well as mine—the German-
 Americans, the Spanish-Americans, the
 French-Americans, all of whom he
 grouped under the head of 'ignorant
 foreigners'—I must conclude that his
 latest fling was decidedly premeditated."

"Mr. Choate's reference to the brogue
 of Tammany's great leader, and to 'the
 dear little island,' are as mendacious as
 malevolent, and if the gentleman had
 taken the trouble to inform himself upon
 his subject he would have 'recognized'
 that it could not be otherwise interpreted
 than as a venomous attempt to cast a
 sneer at the nationality of certain gen-
 tlemen at present prominent in Tam-
 many's politics."

"Mr. Choate will scarcely attempt to
 maintain that he could 'recognize' the
 brogue of ex-Mayor Gilroy, of ex-Re-
 corder Smyth, of Mr. Richard Croker,
 or of Mr. John C. Sheehan, if any of
 these gentlemen were the fortunate pos-
 sessor of a brogue—which, by the way,
 he is not—as the same as that of his
 friend, Bill Tweed, or of the Tildens,
 the Coopers, the Hewitts, the Belmonts,
 and so many others of the same kind
 who have ranked among the great lead-
 ers of Tammany during the last forty
 years."

"If Mr. Choate thinks well to make a
 political onslaught upon Messrs. Gilroy,
 Smyth, Croker and Sheehan and others,
 and he shows good grounds for his
 course, he will not only receive no
 criticism from me, but he can count
 upon my cordial applause and active
 aid; but when he attempts to asperse or
 ridicule them because of their national-
 ity he must recognize his sneers come
 directly home to, and will be returned
 by me, as well as every Irish-American
 worthy of the name, whether he be Re-
 publican or Democrat."

"He would also have known that in-
 stead of 'the dear little island' having
 been, as he asserts, 'so very dear to us,'
 the balance of obligation between the
 two countries stands largely in Ireland's
 favor."

"From the days of 1769, when Frank-
 lin, neglected, despised and insulted by
 the British Parliament in London, was
 extended a cordial welcome on the floor
 of the Irish House of Commons in Dub-
 lin . . . the warm sympathy and
 love and veneration of Ireland have
 always gone out to the United States,
 her people, her institutions and her
 glorious flag—the flag which they regard
 as the highest emblem of true liberty,
 and which today they proudly carry in
 the front place at every national pro-
 ceedings and parade throughout the
 length and breadth of Ireland."

Mr. Egan shows that of the signers of
 the Declaration of Independence at least

twelve were of Irish birth, or descent,
 and continues:

"From 'saucey Jack Barry' of the
 County Wexford, known as the 'Father
 of the American Navy,' down to 'fight-
 ing Phil Sheridan,' who first saw the
 light but a few weeks after his mother
 landed upon American soil, in every
 grade in our army and navy, from pri-
 vate to general, from Jack Tar to admiral,
 Irishmen have loyally and nobly
 fought and died to establish the inde-
 pendence, to defend the honor and to
 preserve the integrity of this nation."

"The services rendered by Irishmen
 in subsequent wars, and especially in
 the mighty struggle for the preservation
 of the Union, as also those rendered in
 the development of the resources and
 the upbuilding of the prosperity of the
 nation, are too well known to need re-
 counting here; besides, I think, I have
 stated enough to show the utter falsity
 of Mr. Choate's sneering assertion that
 'the dear little island from which they
 came' has been 'so very dear to us.'"

"It is things like that of Mr. Choate
 that have, since the days of Rufus King,
 driven so many of the foreign element,
 and especially the Irish, into the arms
 of Tammany, and I have no hesitation
 in saying that Mr. Choate has, in the
 past few years, done more to increase
 the numerical strength of that organi-
 zation than could possibly be accom-
 plished by any ten of its own most
 active workers."

"I address this letter to you as chair-
 man of the Republican Committee of
 New York County, in order that those
 who have charge of Republican interests
 may know the responsibility they incur
 in putting forward in the future on
 public platforms as mouthpieces of our
 party such men as Mr. Choate—or at
 least in putting them forward unmuzzled."

THE GAELIC CHAIR AT WASHINGTON
UNIVERSITY.

The CITIZEN is delighted to observe
 that the ever patriotic and spirited
 Ancient Order of Hibernians continues
 to add to the fund for the endowment
 of a Gaelic Chair at the Catholic Univer-
 sity, Washington, D. C. This is practi-
 cal patriotism and deserves the com-
 mendation of all who desire to see the
 ancient Irish language saved from utter
 extinction at home and abroad. Ireland
 is doing nobly, without distinction of
 creed, for the old tongue, and America
 is keeping well up with her efforts. Sub-
 joined is the latest official report of the
 National Secretary:

OFFICE NATIONAL SECRETARY A. O. H.
 OF A. ALBANY, N. Y., Oct. 29, 1895.

Following is the number of members in
 each State who have paid their assess-
 ment to the University A. O. H. Fund,
 and the amount of their payment:

State.	Members.	Amount.
Alabama.....	59	41 25
Arkansas.....	2	1 50
California.....	736	552 00
Colorado.....	240	180 00
Connecticut.....	3,661	2,745 75
Delaware.....	641	480 75
District of Columbia	140	105 00
Florida.....	26	19 50
Georgia.....	682	474 00
Illinois.....	1,133	999 75
Iowa.....	1,114	885 50
Indian Territory.....	15	11 25
Kansas.....	313	231 75
Kentucky.....	435	326 25
Louisiana.....	213	159 75
Maine.....	1,167	875 25
Maryland.....	676	507 00
Massachusetts.....	8,631	6,475 25
Michigan.....	1,873	1,404 75
Minnesota.....	1,731	1,298 25
Missouri.....	962	721 50
Montana.....	3 0	225 00
Nevada.....	80	60 00
New Jersey.....	2,267	1,704 25
New York.....	2,000	1,500 00
North Carolina.....	115	86 25
Oregon.....	6,568	4,926 00
Pennsylvania.....	725	543 75
Rhode Island.....	339	254 25
South Carolina.....	58	73 10
Tennessee.....	96	72 00
Utah.....	18	13 10
Vermont.....	200	150 00
Washington.....	204	153 00
West Virginia.....	533	399 75
Wisconsin.....	300	225 00
Wyoming.....	40	30 00
New Brunswick.....	185	138 75
Ontario.....	135	116 25
Total.....	39,099	\$29,324 25

M. J. SLATTERY, Nat'l Sec.

MR. MEATH'S IRISH TRIP.

Mr. James J. Meath, of this city, has
 just returned from a four months' trip
 to Great Britain and Ireland, spending
 most of the time in the latter country.
 He had been sixteen years from his
 native Mayo, which he left at an early
 age. His career in Chicago has been a
 highly successful and honorable one.
 He was for over eight years a trusted
 employe of the city collector's office,
 and resigned his position in order to
 undertake business on his own account.
 He chose the real estate field of enter-
 prise, and, within a comparatively short
 period, accumulated a handsome fortune.
 He owns a great deal of property, and
 one of his possessions, the Meath Build-
 ing, Wabash avenue and Thirty-seventh
 street, is a handsome landmark in that
 locality.

Mr. Meath was much pleased with
 Ireland. The summer was exception-
 ally dry, and the crops this year are far
 above the average. Irish scenery, he
 says, is perfectly delightful, and he ap-
 preciated it all the more because of his
 long absence. The National spirit of the
 people is entirely unbroken, and the
 hope for liberty, in some form, or in any
 form, is as strong as it ever was. The
 Irish differ somewhat on matters of
 policy, but in the matter of principle
 five-sixths of the people are united. All
 want the privilege of making their laws
 on Irish soil, and in no other way, they
 claim, can permanent prosperity bless

the island. Mr. Meath went over and
 returned on the fast steamers of the
 Cunard Line and had a most enjoyable
 trip each time. He met, among other
 Irish-Americans, ex-Mayor John P.
 Hopkins in Castletar, and was glad to
 greet his fellow citizen on Irish earth.
 Mr. Hopkins' father was born near Cas-
 tletar, and the people of that city take
 pride in the fact that the son of one of
 their townsmen became mayor of the
 great city of Chicago.

THE TRIBUNE'S NEW DEPARTURE.

The esteemed *Tribune* made a new de-
 parture on Monday by reducing its week-
 day price from 2 cents to 1 cent per copy
 in Chicago, nearly all of its 2 cent city
 contemporaries following suit. This
 amounts to a financial revolution in
 metropolitan journalism, and places all
 newspapers of the first class, like the
Tribune, *Times-Herald*, *Coronator*, *Inter-
 Ocean* and *Record* within popular reach.
 All Chicagoans are proud of their great
 daily journals, as well they may be. In
 enterprise, matter and make up they are
 unrivaled in both the New and the Old
 World. Mr. Medill, editor of the *Tribune*,
 is the last survivor, except Mr.
 Dana of the New York *Sun*, of that line
 of great editors who numbered in
 their ranks Horace Greeley, H. J. Ray-
 mond, James Gordon Bennett, Wilber
 F. Storey and Samuel Bowles. The new
 class of chief editors started under
 greater advantages, but they can do no
 better than take their famous predeces-
 sors as models; and this they seem to be
 doing, reinforced in their efforts by the
 superb modern appliances that have ren-
 dered the leading American newspapers
 all but perfect in their completeness and
 interestingness. The CITIZEN wishes
 the *Tribune* and its journalistic breth-
 ren all possible success in their laudable
 efforts to render the poor man equal to
 the rich in the matter of the world's
 news.

UNITED IRISH SOCIETIES' EMPLOY-
MENT BUREAU.

The United Irish Societies of Chicago
 and Cook county have taken a practical
 view of the Irish question, and have
 reached the conclusion that the cause of
 Ireland can be greatly benefitted in this
 huge commercial city by taking a
 brotherly interest in such Irish-Ameri-
 cans as are unfortunate enough to be
 out of employment. They have, accord-
 ingly, established an Employment Bu-
 reau, with headquarters at No. 81 South
 Clark street, of which Mr. P. J. Kealy
 is the manager and general agent, whose
 duty it is to use his utmost efforts to ob-
 tain places for those of his countrymen
 who desire to earn an honest livelihood
 in any capacity whatever. The *Chronicle*
 of the 12th inst. has a very interesting
 sketch of the Bureau in which it says:

"The idea which culminated a few
 days ago in the establishment of the
 Employment Bureau had birth many
 months ago in the minds of some mem-
 bers of the United Irish Societies, the
 organization which is foremost in all
 matters pertaining to the advancement
 of the race in Chicago. At that time it
 was pointed out that the Irish people,
 although so numerous in this city, had
 not one hall or place of general meeting,
 while nearly every other nationality had
 several."

"On occasions of common interest to
 the Irish residents of the city, when a
 great celebration was to be held, it was
 always necessary to rent Central Music
 Hall or some other large auditorium,
 whereas the Germans, the Poles, the
 Bohemians and many other nationalities
 had halls of their own in which to
 hold national demonstrations. It was
 agreed that this state of affairs should
 not be allowed to exist forever and that
 some effort should be made at once to
 establish a headquarters for the Irish in
 Chicago."

"Discussion of this subject among such
 Irish leaders as John T. Keating, Lawrence
 Henely, P. V. Fitzpatrick, James
 C. Strain, John J. O'Connell and a
 dozen others led to another matter and
 one which was the first to be remedied.
 The point was made that there was no
 place in this great city where a young
 Irishman without friends might go on
 his arrival here and find welcome, and
 this, too, was not true of other national-
 ities."

"It was argued that an employment
 bureau should be started that those who
 are in a position to employ labor might
 extend practical aid to the worthy thou-
 sands who need it, and also that there
 might be a place where a stranger in a
 strange metropolis might get the right
 hand of welcome from his countrymen
 and be given a chance to provide for
 himself."

"The idea was proposed in various
 Irish societies and clubs, and it was not
 only warmly received, but it expanded
 under discussion until the plan was
 made to include the foundation of an
 employment bureau, the construction of
 a large modern building containing
 Hibernia hall, stores and offices and
 reading-rooms, lodge halls and recep-
 tion parlors where Irish functions of
 whatever nature might occur. The build-
 ing would be self-supporting through-
 rents from stores and offices. In this
 form the plan was eagerly discussed,
 while a few leaders went ahead to do
 practical work along those lines by
 forming the Employment Association of
 the United Irish Societies. The follow-
 ing well known and representative Irish-
 men were elected officers, directors and
 trustees: President, J. J. Mahoney; vice-
 president, John T. Keating; treasurer,
 Lawrence Henely; recording secretary,
 T. F. McCarthy; financial secretary,

A. Donoghue; directors, M. J. Kelly,
 J. C. Strain, A. J. Ford, John Dowling,
 John Gubbins, J. E. Long, James T.
 Clarke, Owen Ahearn, M. W. Williams;
 trustees, D. O'Connor, J. J. Carroll,
 J. M. McCaffrey.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.

How to Form Councils of the Organization That Has Made a Radical New Departure in the Irish Movement for Liberty.

Succinct, but Comprehensive Instructions From the National Headquarters.

CONSTITUTION AND BY-LAWS.

This organization shall be known by the name and title of the Irish National Alliance.

Its object is to see the independence of Ireland by any means consistent with the laws and usages of civilized nations.

The qualifications for membership shall be good moral character, birth on Irish soil or descent from Irish parentage on either side, and the taking of the following pledge of honor: "I, _____, hereby pledge my word of honor to aid by every means within my power, in conformity with the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, in securing the independence of Ireland."

This organization shall be governed by a president, a vice-president, a treasurer, a secretary and an executive council of nine members, who shall hold office for two years or until their successors are elected and qualified.

A two thirds vote of the executive council shall be necessary to override any act of the President of the National Alliance.

The secretary shall be appointed by the president. All other officers shall be elected by the organization in regular session.

The president, vice-president, and one member of the executive committee, such member to be selected by the executive council, shall be trustees of the funds of the organization.

All authority to organize must come from the national executive.

The initiation fee shall be \$1, payable in advance, and 50 cents quarterly dues, commencing three months after date of initiation.

Each local division of the Irish National Alliance shall be known as a council, and it shall be designated by number of charter furnished by the National Executive on payment of the fees called for by the constitution.

Each council shall transmit quarterly to the national treasury 75 per cent. of all moneys received, after deducting legitimate expenses, said expenses to be confined to hall rent and stationery.

IRISH NATIONAL ALLIANCE.
To whom it may concern: _____, representing not less than ten citizens of Irish birth or descent, having applied for a charter constituting them a Council of the Irish National Alliance, and on consideration thereof, pledge their word of honor, to aid by every means within their power, in conformity with the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, in securing the independence of Ireland, the said charter is hereby granted under the title of _____ Council of the Irish National Alliance, located at _____ and bearing the number _____ Dated New York _____ 1895.

It shall be the duty of the President to preside at all meetings of the Executive Council, and in his absence his place shall be taken by the Vice President.

The Treasurer shall properly account for all moneys received by him and make report of same to the regular convention of the Irish National Alliance.

The secretary shall keep correct minutes of all meetings of the Executive Council and shall also keep a record of the Councils of the Irish National Alliance.

Each Council shall forward to the National Secretary a report after the last meeting in January, April, July and October of each year, showing the numerical strength of such Council, and the amounts received and remitted to the National Treasurer.

State Councils shall have supervision over local Councils within any one State or Territory, and the officers of any such state Council shall be elected by the local Councils, each Council having one vote for every twenty-five members in good standing, and an additional vote for every fractional part of twenty-five, provided such fractional part shall not be less than twelve members.

Municipal Councils, which shall have supervision over districts may be formed where necessary, and the officers of same shall be elected in the same manner as those of State Councils.

No council shall be regarded as in good standing, that shall have neglected to make its quarterly report, and paid its regular dues to the National Treasurer.

The necessary expenses of State and Municipal Councils shall be met by special assessments on Local Councils in such State or Municipal district.

State, Municipal and Local Councils shall have the right to make their own by-laws, provided that nothing shall be contained therein contrary to the constitution and by-laws of the Irish National Alliance, and to such rules and regulations as from time to time may be enacted by the Executive Council of the Irish National Alliance.

HOW TO FORM COUNCILS.

First let a meeting be held of those desirous of affiliating with the Irish National Alliance. If not already an organized body, let them then proceed to organize themselves as a Council under any name that may be desired, and elect a President, Treasurer, and Secretary. The initiation fee of one dollar per member must be paid in advance, and fifty cents per head at the end of each three months thereafter. Of the moneys so received half rent and stationery shall be deducted, and of the balance 25 per cent shall be retained by the Council and 75 per cent shall be remitted to the National Treasurer, P. V. Fitzpatrick, 154 22nd Street, Chicago. Having complied with these conditions, application for a charter should be made to the National Secretary, John P. Sutton, 51 East 122nd Street, New York, who, on information that the treasurer has received the required remittance, will forward charter in due course. The name

and full address of the Presidents of Councils, at least, should be forwarded to the National Secretary. Constitutions will be ready for distribution in a short time.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

A CHEER FOR CUBA.

BY CHARLES J. BEATTIE.

Fair Queen of the Antilles struggling in fight
With the tyrants and satraps and robbers of Spain,
Your cannons are flashing for freedom and right—
For home and for country by mountain and plain;
You have thrown back the shackles and dared the red strife
For Cuba and liberty—manhood and life.

You have said to the despot: "No more shall we be
Enslaved in our own land—the land of our birth—
We spread to the wild winds the flag of the free
For Cuba a nation—mid nations of earth."

While o'er the blue waters the war thunder rolls
And clashing of arms that is heard at the poles.
The base Spaniards tell us: "Be neutral while we
Send our famous *Hidalgos* across the wide waves—
While we trample and rifle and murder the free—
And give to the Cubans free halts—free graves—

Be neutral, be heartless, be soulless while Spain
Is murdering and slaying—and robbing the slain."

Can freemen be neutral while tyrants combine
To crush out the spirit of freedom—and ban
The patriots' devotion—that spirit divine—
To country and home—all inherent in man?

While Cuba for peace and for freedom is praying
The bloodstained Castilian is robbing and slaying.

Be neutral while robbery, war and distress
Are crushing the guileless—despoiling the brave—
While despots are leagued to misrule and oppress
To rivet the chains to destroy and enslave?

Coldly, cruelly neutral at home and abroad
In defiance of freedom—of justice and God.

Fair gem of the Antilles freedom is rife!
Thy cause is espoused in the home of the brave,
To strengthen thy arms in fair liberty's strife.

In the dread hour of peril to succor and save;
Each breeze from the north shall convey to thy strand
Loud cheers for thy freedom from Washington's land.

NEW YORK'S experience with alleged fireproof sky-scrapers has been most disastrous. The splendid Manhattan Bank Building on Broadway, with several kindred structures, was totally destroyed by fire last week. Chief Sweeney of Chicago and the fire chief of New York both declare that so-called fireproof buildings, when furnished with inflammable fixtures, and filled with the odds and ends of commerce, are even more unsafe than the non-fireproof edifices.

These gentlemen surely know their business, and their warning should be heeded.

THE reception accorded Chicago's First Regiment at Atlanta and throughout the South shows more clearly than any event of recent date that the war is really over. When Uncle Sam fights for the maintenance of the Monroe doctrine, he will find North and South, Chicago and Atlanta, Boston and New Orleans solidly at his back.

JOHN R. DRAKE, the best known of all the Chicago hotel men, and a most successful man of affairs, died suddenly at his Michigan avenue residence on Tuesday. He had not been in his usual health for some months, but, nevertheless, his death was quite unexpected. Mr. Drake's Grand Pacific annual game dinners were celebrated the country over. He had been in retirement, as a hotel proprietor, for about a year.

ST. BERNARD'S NEW CHURCH.

St. Bernard's new church, in course of construction at Stewart Avenue and Sixty-sixth Street, is a very beautiful structure, designed by Architect Martin Carr at the request of the pastor, the Rev. B. P. Murray. The total length is 157 feet, while the width at the towers is 82 feet and at the transepts 88 feet. The height from floor to ceiling will be 50 feet and to the ridge 74 feet.

The main entrance will be on Stewart Avenue and will be flanked by two towers, 107 feet high, having open bellfries supported by Corinthian columns. Under the pediment in the main gable will be a niche containing a statue of St. Bernard.

The entire church will be faced with buff Bedford stone, having richly carved cornice and pilasters. The principal

decorative work, however, will be reserved for the interior. The sanctuary will be aspidal in form, having six enriched columns twenty-five feet high supporting the cornice and groined ceiling. The nave between the entrance and transepts will be divided into five bays, having ornamental columns and cornice supporting the clerestory. The semi-circular ceiling nave will have massive arched ribs and compartments are especially arranged for figure subjects. There will be a gallery at the front and on each side of the nave as far as the transepts and the latter will be free from columns and other obstructions.

The seating capacity on the main floor will be 1,138 and 378 in the gallery, and the building will cost not less than \$100,000.

On July 5, 1887, Archbishop Feehan appointed Father Murray, who was then chancellor of the archdiocese, to form the new parish of St. Bernard, and since that time he has built the brick structure adjoining the new church and used at present for church and school purposes and costing the congregation about \$20,000, without the ground on which it stands. He has also procured a good parochial residence, as well as a residence for his school-teachers.

GAELIC ATHLETICS.

The O'Mahoneys are the Champions at Hurling.

In the Gaelic Athletic Association the hurling championship for 1895 goes to the O'Mahony club. They won the title last Sunday, after a desperate contest with the Sarsfields, with whom they were tied up to that time. The struggle was witnessed by a large crowd. Both teams, of course, had their best men in the field.

The O'Mahony men showed themselves surer hitters and better runners. R. Barry played a splendid game and won applause from the spectators. Davis was a sure goal keeper, and saved his posts in good style at a critical time when a goal, almost made by the Sarsfields, would have made them the victors. He was ably supported by Murphy, Connors and Guerin, who succeeded in repulsing several rushes for goal made by the Sarsfields.

On the Sarsfield side, Cooney was a host in himself. His several long "pucks" put his opponents in hot water from time to time, and he succeeded in driving the ball past their goal line at least four times. Cahill and Conway played well as back men, and Moloney, McGrath and Mulcahy were very effective in the center.

Play began at 4 o'clock, and, after an exhibition of the best hurling ever seen here, half time was called with this score: O'Mahonys 7 points; Sarsfields 4 points.

After changing sides, play was more warmly and closely contested than in any game during the season. Both sides played with the utmost determination. Almost every player on the field showed himself an adept in the use of the "camán." The ball was sent up and down the field and several unsuccessful rushes were made. At last Tom Howe broke the ice by scoring a point for the Sarsfields. The latter team made several rushes toward the close of the game, but were unable to send the ball through. Result: O'Mahonys, 8 points; Sarsfields, 5 points.

The teams were composed of the following players:

	O'Mahonys.	Sarsfields.
Davis.....	Goal.....	Cahill.
Murphy.....	Back.....	E. Cahill.
Connors.....	Back.....	Conway.
Guerin.....	Back.....	J. Moloney.
Sullivan.....	Half-back.....	Shaughssy.
Cahalan.....	Half-back.....	McGrath.
J. Barry.....	Right wing.....	Mulcahy.
J. Driscoll.....	Right wing.....	M. Moloney.
Dunne.....	Left wing.....	Morrissey.
Connell.....	Left wing.....	Fogarty.
Conroy.....	Center.....	Cooney.
Doran.....	Center.....	J. Hayes.
M. Driscoll.....	Center.....	Walsh.
O'Donnell.....	Center.....	Fitzgerald.
Ryan.....	Forward.....	Ryan.
Howe.....	Forward.....	Grace.
R. Barry.....	Forward.....	Cronin.

Referee—P. D. Fitzgerald.

The final standing of the hurling teams is as follows:

	Played.	Won.	Lost.	Per cent.
O'Mahonys.....	7	6	1	.857
Sarsfields.....	7	5	2	.714
Innisfaills.....	6	2	4	.333
Sheridans.....	6	0	6	.000

On Thanksgiving Day the O'Mahonys will go to St. Louis to compete with the Shamrocks of that city and try to win the laurels taken by the latter team here last July.

SEVENTH INFANTRY NOTES.

A soldier's life, the life for me,
A soldier's death, so Ireland free.

Among the recent acquisitions of the Seventh Infantry is George Meehan, who was lately elected major and assigned to the command of the Third Battalion. Major Meehan is well and favorably known in military circles in the State of Illinois. He enlisted in the Second Infantry about twelve years ago, and steadily advanced through all the grades to captain. The honor of having for several years the best drilled company in the state has been conceded to Major Meehan. We hope to be able to say in the near future that his battalion in the Seventh is the best in the United States.

The regiment has been divided into three battalions as follows:
First Battalion—Companies B, E, F and H, commanded by Major Garrett J. Carroll.

Second Battalion—Companies A, C, D and G, commanded by Major James F. Lusk.

Third Battalion—Companies I, K, L and M, commanded by Major George Meehan.

Lieut. Thomas J. O'Hare has been appointed acting adjutant of the Third Battalion.

First Lieut. H. E. Powell has resigned from Company G.

By kind permission of the editor a few paragraphs will appear, every week in THE CITIZEN, about the happening in the gallant Seventh.

JENUS.

"My sister was troubled with nervous headache; we read so much about Hood's Sarsaparilla that we procured a bottle, and she is now entirely cured of sick headaches."—Miss LOUISE KELLER, 121 Townsend Street, Chicago, Ill.

Hood's Pills cure biliousness.

FOR THE CITIZEN.

RECOLLECTIONS OF ERIN.

BY VERA V. HUNT.

Let me dream once more of the days of yore,
When I played in the Limerick vales,
Ere misfortune cast its shades o'er the past
And swelled my west boundward sails.

Oh, the morning air, choice beyond compare,
That swept o'er the Curragh wood,
And the skylark's song the chaste clouds among,
And the oak tree's sylvan hood.

The cowslips sweet that the daisies greet
In a perfumed clinging kiss,
And the primrose bright spreading golden light,
And the violet—dainty miss.

And the velvet lawn, where the gentle fawn
Would come at my joyful call,
And the gray old tower that majestic lowers
O'er the gates of our ancient hall.

That frowning tower that defied the power
Of the furious Cromwell's brood,
When my gallant sires, and their sturdy squires,
By the house of Stuart stood.

And old Stonehall, with your happy pall,
'Neath which played the children gay,
And the graveyard green, calm as summer's dream,
Where the dust of my fathers lay.

And the silver band, that bounded our land
On the north, with its moaning wave,
The lordly Shannon, that serenely ran on
It's course to its ocean grave.

And the Pallas cross, where the dewy moss
Bounded light to the colleen's feet,
As in merry dance, and with winsome glance,
She the harvest moon would greet.

Ah, the men of yore on the old green shore,
How changed are they over here!
And the scenes of youth are vanished in sooth,
And no counterparts appear!

But I'll ne'er forget to my day of death
The dear and cherished past,
And my spirit may stand once again in that land,
When my body to dust is cast.

OBITUARY.

MRS. JOHANNAH CLIFFORD.

On the morning of the 29th ult. Mrs. Johannah Clifford died at the residence of her daughter, Mrs. Sullivan, No. 303 South Jefferson Street, at the advanced age of 97 years. She was born in the parish of Glenbeigh, county Kerry, Ireland, in the memorable year of '98. Her maiden name was Quirk, which was the most numerous family name in the parish, all of whom were related by marriage. She emigrated to this country with her family in 1850, and lived in New York about four years, when they moved to Chicago, remaining here ever since. Mrs. Clifford was remarkably good health, never having had occasion to take medicine of any kind during her lifetime, and had no need of the services of a physician except on one occasion, and that was after the great fire of 1871, when she fell upon a dilapidated sidewalk and dislocated her hip, after which she was obliged to use a crutch. Even her sight was so perfect that she did not require the aid of glasses in her old age to perform her sewing and knitting.

Mrs. Clifford would very likely have lived to be a centenarian, had it not been for the death of her favorite grandson, John J. Sullivan, a mail-carrier in the service of the government in this city for many years, to whom she was devotedly attached, and who died about two months ago. Ever since his death she lost all vitality and animation, and without pain or trouble passed away in a quiet sleep. Three widowed daughters and a son, Thomas Clifford, who is well known among the Irish societies, survive her. The funeral took place from St. Patrick's church, at which she was a devout worshipper for forty-five years, on the 31st ult., where a solemn requiem mass was celebrated, thence by carriages to Calvary cemetery. The funeral was largely attended.

MRS. CATHERINE KEEFE.

Mrs. Catherine Keefe, an old-time resident in North Chicago, died Friday morning of last week, at her son's house, No. 1163 Maple Avenue, Evanston. Mrs. Keefe came to Chicago in 1844 and was possibly the oldest resident in the entire city and certainly the oldest continuous dweller on the North Side. She came from Albany, N. Y., at the age of 13 with her father, mother, and four children. Her marriage at the age of 15 was an event in early Chicago society.

At the time of the fire her husband owned hundreds of thousands of dollars in North Side real estate. The fire came and burned their home at Market and Division streets. Mr. and Mrs. Keefe barely escaping with their lives. The fire passed and left them, like many others of those days, almost destitute. They began life over again, and in a few years were again wealthy from the rents of a large amount of real estate in rebuilt North Chicago, which the family still retain. After the fire Mr. and Mrs. Keefe resided on Wellington Avenue until last May, when they moved to their son's house in Evanston.

Mrs. Keefe was the mother of twelve children, of whom survive Sister Mary Keefe, Baltimore, Md.; Sister Annunziata, Bloomington, Ill.; Eleanor Keefe,

Evanston; Edward Keefe, Chicago; and John, Frank, and Joseph Keefe of Evanston.

Mrs. Keefe's funeral was held on Monday at St. Mary's Church, solemn high mass being said at 10 o'clock by the Rev. Father Burke of Evanston. The interment was at Calvary.

ST. PATRICK'S CHURCH, LEMONT.

A grand fair will be held, for the benefit of St. Patrick's new church, Lemont, commencing Nov. 18, and ending Nov. 24. The new church, which is now nearly completed, is considered one of the most beautiful of its size in Cook county. It is of Gothic style of architecture, steam heated, and with electric light and other modern improvements, costing \$20,000. Rev. M. O'Sullivan, pastor of the church, is making a great effort to make this fair a financial success. The work, so far, is nearly paid for, and with the money realized from the fair he expects to have only a few thousand dollars of debt remaining.

Reception and Dance.

Holy Name Court, W. C. O. F., held its third formal reception on Tuesday evening, Nov. 12, at North End Temple Hall, No. 617 North Clark Street. The reception was followed by a dance. Mrs. Edward Martin and Dr. G. W. Mahoney led the grand march. The Committee of Arrangements consisted of Mrs. Edward Martin, Mrs. N. H. Conidine, and Mrs. Nellie Sherin.

Holy Name Court, organized eighteen months ago, now numbers 150 members. The credit of this is due in a great measure to the efficiency of the officers, who are as follows: Miss M. R. Gallery, C. R.; Mrs. McMahon, V. C. R.; Miss Anna Phelan, R. S.; Miss Elizabeth Smith, M. S.; Mrs. Lee, F. S.; Elizabeth Sherin, Miss Darwin, and Miss Crimmin, Trustees; Mrs. O'Rourke, and Miss Mary Sherin, Conductors; Mrs. English and Mrs. Furlong, Sentinels.

Following is a partial list of members: Mesdames Alexander Sullivan, Dillon, Mongavin, Coffey, Foley, McGovern, Nealis, O'Brien, Moore, Sennelly, Raynes, Cosgrove, Conway, Loftus, English, Hogan, Lemie, O'Donnell, Darwin, Curran, Buckley, Harrigan, Moran, Cormac, Crowley, Furlong, Smith, Sherin, Gavin, McMahon, McHugh, McCabe, O'Rourke, Ruddy, Lyster, Smith, O'Connor, Morrison, Widmer, Brennan, Kelly, Lynch, Phelan, Awe, E. Hogan, Kaveny, Gormully, Froelich, Ryan, Dinan.

Misses M. R. Gallery, Phelan, Crimmin, Darwin, Mary Sherin, N. Sherin, Mary Kelly, Daley, M. Creman, Lee, M. Murray, Tearnay, Rolan, Tracey, Mary McDonald, E. Morrison, S. Carey, K. McCarthy.

GAELIC POETRY.

ANDRIAS MHO CRAITH.

I. An Mangair Sugach, ect.

A dháta dhl an dailbhadh libh mo chás anois?
Am' chara tigh ag eaglais gan fath ar bith:
An aicme sin ní ghlaicuid me aicht am' thám-
Páipaire.

Deir pearsa aca gur cearambach neamhbhánth-
ach me,
'S go n-admhúighim gur Sacsanach do láthair me:
Nuair 'sgaraim leis chum Aithríon go m-b' fhearr liom dul,
'S nach ceachtar mise, Protestant na Páipaire.

Dearbhann gan dearmad nach fuilair leis me
Do ghreadadh anois le h-achtrannach do láth-
air aicht:
Go raibhadh liom chum achrúin gan spás ar bith.

'S go g-caithfidh bheith am' Phrotestant na am' Páipaire.
An sagart deir gur feannaire neamhbáilach me,
'S go d-tarraingim le mangairrecht na mná chum uile:
Gur me-a me ná ceathrannach atá le bruid
'S na n-gaibhadh liom am' Phrotestant na am' Páipaire.

'S d'á bh-freagra gur seachtanach gan náire me,
'S nach taitneamhach mo bheatha no mo chás rí:
Nach aithreach aicht nacaire me tá gan stríoc
Do chleachtann bheith am' Phrotestant na am' Páipaire.

Ní carthanacht fá n-deara dhó no grádh do shuilit,
Mo churtha-sa do thagra do láthair aicht:
Ní mairde do mo mhártha-sa a g-cás ar bith,
B' é a sin me, Protestant na Páipaire.

Riódh aca-sa, do'n aicme seo airt d-tácht-
aimse,
Nár dhearmad in baithlonta agus tá gan choir,
Cathadh liom an garbh-leac go h-ábalta
Beadh fanaitic me, Protestant na Páipaire.

Cia fada bíd Magdalen agus Daibhí Rí:
Airt meorbháil, 'gus an t-áspaid do chuir táinte i m-bruid,
Do ghlacadh tad nuair chasadar i g-cáil i g-clon.
A's ceachtar díobh nár Protestant na Páipaire.

O cathadh me as an Eaglais 's go d-tárluigh amúigh
'S gur fada me airt meathall gan áit ar bith
Cathadh cur le aithreach na táine sin
Ná gabhadh liom am' Phrotestant na am' Páipaire.

A charad dhl cá rachad-sa ar fán anois
O's feanach me airt dearmad gan fáth gan síos
Cathadh bheith am' Cháilínist na am' Arian tugh
O garsa bheith am' Phrotestant na am' Páipaire.

AN CEANGAL.

Feuch an t-áspaid do pheuchfidh fá thri ar d'tá:
Ag aghaidh a charad, gur glacadh é airt go h-amúigh:
A dhé dhl aithicim, ce garsa le díghe na n-áit:
Mar nion le Peader an Mangairt seagail ad' dháid.

St. Jarlath's Court, C.O.F.

St. Jarlath's Court No. 135 of the Catholic Order of Foresters, will give their annual ball in the West Chicago Club, 8 Throop Street, on Thanksgiving night, Nov. 28.

STEAMSHIP ARRIVALS.

White Star Line.

The *Myosotis* arrived at New York on Monday at 2 p.m.
The *Tautonic* arrived at Queenstown on Monday at 1 a.m.

Following is a list of cabin passengers booked per White Star liner *Majestic* sailing from New York Nov. 13: A. B. Goodwin, G. M. Vanwool, James Haig, George Haig, Andrew Haig, Robert Patterson, Chicago; A. Ricard, Mrs. E. V. Kitching, Mr. and Mrs. H. W. L. Way,

May Way, Denver, Colo.; S. Dixon, Robert Mole, Minneapolis, Minn.; Miss Ellen Bower, Mrs. Ormiston, Kansas City, Mo.; Mrs. Bews, Salt Lake City, Utah; Mrs. Copeland Knight, Robert Knight.

PERSECUTED POPES.

The vicissitudes of the Popes have been many:
Pope Liberius was banished by a heretical emperor.
Silverius died in exile.

Virgilius was imprisoned and exiled.
St. Martin died in exile, a martyr.
St. Leo III was driven out of Spoleto.
Leo V was dethroned and cast into prison.

John VIII had to fly from Rome.
Benedict V was carried off into Germany.
John XIII fled from a Roman faction and took refuge in Capua.

Benedict VI was imprisoned and murdered by a Roman faction.
John XIV was cast into the prison of St. Angelo and died of hunger.

Gregory V was compelled to fly from Rome by a civil tumult.
Benedict VIII was driven from Rome by a faction.
Benedict IX was twice driven from Rome.

Leo IX was dethroned by the Normans.
St. Gregory VI went from land to land and from kingdom to kingdom and died in exile.

Victor III could not so much as take possession of his See and died at Benevento.
Urban II was restored by the French Crusaders.
Pascal II was carried off by Henry V and imprisoned.

Gelasius II was compelled to fly into France by an anti-Pope who usurped his See.
Eugenius II was driven out of Rome by Arnold Breccia.

Alexander III on the very day of his consecration was cast into prison. He was consecrated not in the Holy City, but in a village church. He was obliged to fly into the mountains for safety. He passed seven years wandering from Terracina to Anagni, from Anagni to Tuscum.

Urban III and Gregory VIII could not even take possession of Rome.
Lucius III fled to Verona.
Gregory IX was compelled by an insurrection at Rome to retire to Perugia.

Innocent IV fled to Genoa.
Alexander IV fled to Viterbo.
Martin IV never entered Rome.
Boniface VIII was a prisoner at Anagni.

Urban VI fled to Genoa.
Innocent VII fled from the factions of Rome to Viterbo.
Gregory XI fled to Gaeta.
John XXIII fled from Rome.

MONROE DOCTRINE.

FACTS CONCERNING ITS ORIGIN AND WHAT IT SIGNIFIES.

First Suggested by an English Statesman. Submitted to Jefferson and Madison. Who Approved It—Never Received Congressional Affirmation.

It is a singular fact that the Monroe doctrine is of British origin. In 1823 George Canning, British foreign secretary of state, suggested that the United States government should take decided ground against interference by the "holy alliance" in Mexico and South America, where the Spanish colonies had established their independence.

The "holy alliance" was a union of Austria, France, Prussia and Russia for the maintenance of the European monarchies. It was formed soon after the Napoleonic wars and was renewed and strengthened in 1820, when uprisings occurred in several countries of Europe. Great Britain had been asked to join the combination, and some steps had been taken in that direction under Lord Castlereagh. On his death by suicide Canning became foreign minister, and under his guidance Great Britain held aloof from the continental alliance.

The United States had recognized the independence of Mexico and the other revolted Spanish colonies, and Canning was inclined to pursue the same course. In 1823 he suggested to Richard Rush, United States minister at London, that this government should express in a forcible manner its opposition to intervention by the European powers in behalf of Spain against its colonies which had rejected allegiance.

This suggestion was conveyed to President Monroe through John Quincy Adams, the American secretary of state. President Monroe submitted the proposition of Canning to Jefferson and Madison for their opinion on the subject. Jefferson's answer was prompt and decisive in favor of such a declaration as Canning had suggested. He said it was the most momentous question submitted for his opinion since the Declaration of Independence. Madison approved of Jefferson's opinion and equally appreciated the importance of the question.

Under these circumstances President Monroe, in his annual message Dec. 2, 1823, expressed the doctrine that has since borne his name. There had been some correspondence with Russia and Great Britain in regard to boundary treaties, which the president described, adding:

"In the discussions to which this interest has given rise, and in the arrangements by which they may terminate, the occasion has been judged proper for asserting as a principle in which the rights and interests of the United States are involved that the American continents, by the free and independent condition which they have assumed and maintain, are henceforth not to be considered as subjects of colonization by any European powers."

In the same message, referring to the insurrections in Europe, President Monroe said that the United States would always be anxious and interested spectators of events, but declared:

"In the mass of European powers in matters relating to themselves we have never taken any part, nor does it comport with our policy to do so. It is only when our rights are invaded or seriously menaced that we resent injuries or make preparations for defense. With the movements in this hemisphere we are of necessity more immediately connected, and by causes which must be obvious to all enlightened and impartial observers."

"The political system of the allied powers is essentially different in this respect from that of America. This difference proceeds from that which exists in their respective governments. And to the defense of our own, which has been acquired by the loss of so much blood and treasure, and matured by the wisdom of their most enlightened citizens, and under which we have enjoyed unexampled felicity, this whole nation is devoted. We owe it, therefore, to the candor and to the amicable relations existing between the United States and those powers to declare that we should consider any attempt on their parts to extend their system to this hemisphere as dangerous to our peace and safety. With the existing colonies or dependencies of any European government we have not interfered and shall not interfere. But with the governments that have declared their independence and maintained it and whose independence we have on great consideration and on just principles acknowledged, we could not view any interposition for the purpose of oppressing them, or controlling in any other manner their destiny, in any other light than as a manifestation of an unfriendly disposition toward the United States."

This is the Monroe doctrine: 1. No new European colonies on this hemisphere. 2. No interference with colonies of European powers now existing. 3. No interference by any European power with the affairs of any American nation. It is but justice to say that the vigorous language in which it is expressed evidently came from the able and caustic pen of John Q. Adams, secretary of state. John C. Calhoun was secretary of war in the same cabinet and approved the positions taken by the president.

This doctrine never has been affirmed by congress. In fact, it has been rejected repeatedly when resolutions were offered approving the acts of the government on the subject. But it has been reaffirmed by every administration since that of Monroe in one form or another. The vigorous declarations of Mr. Seward and the commencement of preparations for their enforcement drove France and Spain from Mexico and secured the re-establishment of the republic after the death of Maximilian. It is the doctrine of the American people and never will be abandoned.—Chicago Chronicle.

HANDSOME PREMIUMS!

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THE CITIZEN offers the following premiums to subscribers and organizers of clubs:

To any subscriber, who pays all arrears, and one year in advance and brings in two new paid up subscriptions, either of the following instructive, entertaining and valuable books:

1. "Picturesque Ireland," containing three volumes in one, and including the history, scenery, people, myths and folk-lore; the ancient abbeys, towers, castles and other monastic and attractive features by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. This work contains over 500 beautiful engravings, by noted artists, printed on paper made expressly for the book, bound in cloth, with black, gold and silver sides and black.

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house, containing all about the horse, cattle, sheep, swine, dairying, bee keeping, poultry, the farm, stock diseases, home medicine, the secret of food cooking, etc., etc.; 640 pages, 600 illustrations, cloth binding.

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To any Subscriber who pays all arrears and one year in advance, and who brings in one new paid up subscriber "The Victory Watch," adapted especially for workmen and persons with small incomes; a perfect time piece. To subscribers not in arrears who pay in advance, and bring in two new subscribers, this offer is also open.

All these offers are open for a reasonable time and advantage should be taken of them at once.

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"THE CITIZEN" NEWSPAPER CO.,
69 Dearborn-st., Chicago, Ill.

ONE GIRL'S EXPERIENCE.

The Man Who Knows How to Dance Well Knows Little Else.

She had been to a party the night before, and she was looking correspondingly pale, tired and interesting. When I saw her she had just eaten a hearty breakfast.

"Did you have a good time last night?" I inquired, beaming at her with my best smile.

"No, I didn't," she said shortly.

"Why, dear? Don't you have plenty of partners?"

"Oh, yes, of course. But I've discovered one thing (looking very wise and important), and that is, that the nicest men either can't dance or won't dance. They stand around and look bored, while we poor girls have to waltz with the clowns. They are splendid partners, but they're such dummies aside from their dancing. In between dances time drags horribly. One says the same old things to each man: 'Do you like to dance, Mr. Stupid? Really? How interesting?'

"Nice floor, isn't it? Yes, such a pretty ballroom. The hostess is sweet, isn't she? Such a delightful home, too, —etc., ad nauseam.

"Then if a girl does get a sensible, bright fellow to ask her to dance this is what happens."

She threw open her closet door and brought out the finery which had been worn the night before. The tulle ruffle around the bottom was torn into rags and the tips of the white satin slippers had been trodden upon till none of their original purity of color remained.

"Did you go to the circus?" asked the girl irrelevantly.

"Yes," responded I, wondering what that led up to.

"Then you saw the elephants dance a quadrille. Didn't they do it well? I am sure that half the partners I have don't dance half as well as those great big, silly looking elephants. A man who walks on one's gown, treads on one's toes, tears one's flounces and smashes one's fan is sure to be a college professor. And the fellow who waltzes divinely and can twostep like an angel is certain to be a brainless dolt. Write that on your bloomers for future reference," and this flippant young person began darning her ball dress with seemingly needless force.—Chicago Record.

FOILING THE FIRE FIEND.

A Good Thing That Pushes Itself Along In a Beautiful Way.

A merchant of Gowanda has invented a most remarkable apparatus for saving stocks of goods from fire. Instead of putting out the fire, the apparatus opens the front of the store, and the counters, cases and shelving roll out into the street into their owner's arms.

The shelving and counters in the store are all portable and mounted on rollers. Attached to the rear end of the shelving is a cable which runs forward and over a wheel below the floor in the front of the store. To this end of the cable are suspended weights sufficiently heavy to overbalance the shelving, cases and goods in them. A brake device keeps the weights from setting the machine going. Attached to the lever of the brake is a combustible cord which passes upward into the store and is carried along the walls and ceiling, where it will be quickly ignited in case of fire. The smoldering of the cord looses the brake, the weights bear on the cable, and the shelves start helter skelter for the front of the building. At the same time the windows and doors open automatically outward, and the entire contents of the store are dumped on the sidewalk in a jiffy. To frustrate the designs of fire thieves the shelves fold up when they reach the street, presenting only blank wood and glass.

Those who have seen the apparatus tested say that it works admirably. One night a mouse found something palatable in the brake cord and gnawed it in two, whereupon, much to its consternation the furniture, boxes and shelves, with one accord, began a swift movement forward, and an automatic alarm attached to the machine began to rouse all the inhabitants of Gowanda, the hour being 2 o'clock in the morning. The ingenious inventor was one of the first on the scene, and his disgust at being routed out by a false alarm was greatly mitigated by the spectacle of the smooth working of his machine. It seems to be a good thing and pushes itself along with no help.—Buffalo Courier.

Careful.

Two Yorkshiremen had been on a trip to Blackpool and were on their way home, when one noticed that his companion was carrying a bottle half filled with sea water.

"Why, what 'ave yer got there, Bill?" he asked.

"Well, yer see," was the reply, "my old woman hasna seen t' sea, so I thought I'd take her a drop."

"But," said the first, "while yer were doing it, why didn't yer take a full bottle?"

"Not me!" was the answer. "What should I ha' done when the tide began a-risin' and broke the bottle?"—London Tit-Bits.

A Hard Day's Work.

"I almost feel tired," said the new woman as she laid her beaver aside and gave orders for the proper stabling of her bicycle.

"I thought you men never got tired," groaned her husband.

"Rarely," replied the new woman, "but today I made the speech that killed the bill for the emancipation of husbands, and raised the roof of the capitol with a piece of my mind, and if that ain't enough to tire a body I'd like to know what is!"—Atlanta Constitution.

When cleaning house, it is convenient to have a stick with a deep notch in the end with which to lift picture wires and cords off their hooks. It saves much climbing up and down.

It is not the many oaths that make the truth, but the plain single vow, that is vowed true.—Shakespeare.

1867. 1895.

GOD SAVE IRELAND!

28th MORTUARY ANNIVERSARY

OF THE

MANCHESTER MARTYRS,

ALLEN, LARKIN and O'BRIEN,
And Grand Ratification of the Irish National Alliance recently organized, Will Be Celebrated Under the Auspices of the Irish Nationalists of Chicago at

CENTRAL MUSIC HALL,
ON
SATURDAY EVENING, NOVEMBER 23, 1895.

The Following Musical and Literary Programme Will Be Rendered:

1. Grand Organ Overture of Irish Airs—"Brian Borlome's March," "The Blackbird," "Boys of Wexford," "O'Donnell Aboe," "The Dear Irish Boy," "Ned of the Hills," "Let Erin Remember the Days of Old".....Professor Purcell
2. Address, by the Chairman.....Hon. Matthew P. Brady
3. Vocal Solo and Chorus, "The Star Spangled Banner".....Miss Nellie M. Ryan
4. Reading Address of the Societies.....Mr. William A. Cunnea
5. Baritone Solo, "The Memory of the Dead".....Mr. W. J. O'Neill
6. Recitation, "Rory of the Hill".....Miss Mary Ethel Courtenay
7. The Oration of the Evening.....Mr. Clarence S. Darrow
8. Vocal Quintette, "The Song of the Battle Eve".....Alto, Mrs. Thos. Bitters; Soprano, Miss Louise Turgeon; Baritone, Mr. Thomas O'Halloran; Bass, Mr. W. J. O'Neill; Tenor, Mr. Thomas J. Purcell.
9. Fantasia for Two Harps, from Moore, arranged by Thomas.....Miss Marie F. Bonfield and Miss Alice Genevieve Smith
10. Contralto Solo, (a) "Believe Me If All Those Endearing Young Charms," (b) "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls".....Miss McCaffrey
11. Violin Obligato, Sixth Air, "Varie De Berriot".....Maj. Jas. W. Cole
12. "God Save Ireland".....Mr. W. J. O'Neill

SEATS - - - 50c EACH

Can be secured at the Box Office ONLY, Thursday, Friday and Saturday, Nov. 21, 22 and 23. Neither seats nor tickets can be procured any other way.

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GORE'S FIREPROOF HOTEL.

This splendid hotel, newly furnished, and equipped throughout in first-class style, is conducted on the European plan, and is worthy the attention of all visitors to the city, being centrally located on South Clark-st., near VanBuren, which is the heart of the business district. The rooms are commodious, well appointed, and can be obtained at a reasonable charge. The Restaurant is first-class in every respect, and is one of the most extensively patronized in the city.

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